Tommy & Jack

THEIR
FUN. WIT. & HIGH SPIRITS.

Amusing Stories of our Soldiers & Sailors.

Published in Aid of The

National Egg Collection for the Wounded

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THE

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THE wounded Soldiers and Sailors in our hospitals are urgently in need of new laid eggs—a minimum of 1,000,000 per week is an absolute necessity. If readers of this little book would but realise the vital importance of new laid eggs for our wounded, and would grasp the fact that every new laid egg, or every penny given for the purchase of eggs, will bring new life to these brave sufferers and help to restore them—many maimed for life—to their anxious relatives and friends—they would do all in their power to assist.

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THE

NATIONAL EGG COLLECTION

154, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Tommy & Jack

THEIR WIT, FUN AND HIGH SPIRITS

AMUSING STORIES BY OR ABOUT OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

Edited by W. S.

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NATIONAL EGG COLLECTION FOR THE WOUNDED
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car outside the Alhambra the other day, and a little girl of about seven years was one of the inevitable crowd that quickly gathered to stand and stare in mild curiosity at the ex-champion. On being told that he was Jack Johnson, the child showed some alarm. Assured that he would not hurt her, the little maid replied :

"But mightn't he explode ?"

ON LEAVE.

I WANTER go back to the trenches ;
I wanter go back to the front !
I wanter go back to me rifle an' pack,
An' 'ear me old straps creak and grunt :
I wanter get back to me blanket,
An' sleep on me old little plank.
'Cos the cold, clammy sheets that the folks thinks is treats
Make me shiver like rats in a tank.

I wanter get back from the war news,
I wanter get back to the Hun :
I wanter retreat from the chaps in the street
'Oo know 'ow the war should be run :
I wanter go where "Tipperary"
Ain't whistled from mornin' till night :
I wanter go back where the Zepps don't attack
'Cos there ain't any babies to fight.

I wanter get back from the flappers
'Oo rattle their boxes an' flags :
I wanter vamoose from the bloomin' revues
An' the wearisome singin' of "rags" ;
I wanter get back from the motors,
An' miners with strikes on the brain.
I'm too muddled to think, an' I shan't sleep a wink
Till I'm safe back in Flanders again.

—*London Opinion.*

VISITOR : "It was very brave of you to go out for your chum under such an awful fire."

Tommy : "Bravo ! Why he was the only chap in our bloomin' lot who 'ad got any fags on him ?"

(*Told by Mr. Forster, Financial Secretary to the War Office, in the House, September 22nd.*)

A SOLDIER home on leave wished for an extension and got a certificate granting it. But at the last moment he recollected :

"If I stay here my pal won't get his turn," and he went back to the trenches.—*The Globe.*

GREAT was the excitement in the village when word came that Bill Miggins, one of the local heroes, had won the V.C.

At once the vicar hurried off to tell Bill's aged grandmother and congratulate her.

"Got the veesee, 'as 'e ?" said the deaf old lady. "Well, I 'opes as 'o won't be as bad wi' it as 'e wor wi' the measles ! Our Bill allus wor like that. If there was anything catching goin' about, Bill was sure to get it !"—*Answers.*

ILLUSTRATING the lighter side of life at the front, "Staff Captain" tells the following amusing story in the *Daily Mail* :—

A private soldier was charged with "wilfully damaging Government property." According to the evidence it appeared that on some of the French trains hitherto patronised by Germans (but, since the war, only used by them when travelling as prisoners) the following warning was attached to the carriages :

"Ne se pencher au dehors !"
"Nicht Hinauslehnen !"

(Do not lean out of the window.)

and the alleged offence consisted in tearing down the latter portion of the notice.

Asked what he had to say for him-

self, the accused pleaded that he had acted from "motives of patriotism."

"Patriotism!" echoed the astonished president. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Well, sir," was the bland response, "I thought that if a German wanted to lean out of the window and have his napper knocked off it would be a pity to stop him."

This novel argument impressed the members of the court so much that the ultra-patriotic warrior was acquitted.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

PRIVATE BROWN: "Who put the butter on this bread?"

Sister Mary (sternly): "I did."

Private Brown: "Oh, oh! Who took it off then?"—*Punch.*

FOR two months the wounded Tommy had had no solid food. Nothing but milk. He was nothing but skin and bone.

At last the doctor told him that the next day he could have a meal of solid food. He rejoiced to hear that, for he was getting better now, and perhaps he looked forward to an omelette, an underdone beef steak, potatoes, Roquefort cheese and a box of strawberries.

What he got for his first solid meal was, at any rate, a tablespoonful of tapioca. He swallowed it down, growling and grumbling, and the nurse said:

"That's all the dinner you can have, and the doctor orders that everything else must be in the same proportion."

The poor patient pushed away the saucer.

"Well, I'll do some reading now," he said. "Bring me a postage stamp!"—*London Opinion.*

SERGEANT PFIZ believed in handling his men firmly. Passing before one recruit, he eyed him sternly.

"Now, then, pull yourself together," he barked harshly; "you're standing all wrong! Your uniform's not put on right, your buttons are dirty, and you're holding your rifle like a hay-fork. Let's see if you can march. Right-about-face!"

The recruit stood stock still, with resignation.

"I'm right about something, anyway!"

MESSAGE, by word of mouth:

"Enemy advancing on Amersham!"

Private, local auctioneer (passing it on): "Any advance on Amersham?"—*Punch.*

OFFICER (examining arms, severely): "Is this rifle supposed to have been cleaned?"

Wealthy Private: "Well, sir, yes. But you know what these servant girls are!"—*Punch.*

THE War Office was obliged to postpone the petty discussions of Universal Service. The urgent question as to whether "subs" shall wear turned-up trousers, with shoes and Gorblimey caps, held the field.—*Town Topics.*

THE wounded man was explaining it all to his chum's wife.

"'E's a fair knockout, that 'e is, is Alf. W'en we got to the top o' the 'ill, blowed if a bullet don't smash 'is gun to bits: but 'ole Alf trotted on, an' w'en we got over the ridge 'e butts in with 'is fists right and left, an' bashed 'em like mad."

"I allus knew 'e would," said the interested listener. "'E must 'av bin thinkin' o' me."—*Sporting Times.*

A CURIOUS souvenir of her victory over the *Dresden* is in possession of H.M.S. *Glasgow.* Among the "survivors" of the German raider which were picked up by the *Glasgow's* boats was a healthy young pig. This animal has been adopted by the *Glasgow's* crew as their ship's mascot. The pig takes quite happily to his new

PREFACE

It must not be thought, because I have gathered together the stories in this little volume, that I do not realise the horror and tragedy of the stupendous struggle that has been raging for so many months past.

But nothing will ever cause our brave sailors and soldiers to lose their sense of fun, and the War has provided instances of it much too precious to be lost altogether. Moreover, in these dreary days anything that amuses should be welcome, and there is no harm in enjoying a laugh if we can. To do so will impair no one's efficiency.

Our lads can joke in their ships, surrounded by every peril, or in the trenches amid a hail of shot and shell. However anxious we may be on their behalf, however greatly we may sympathise with their sufferings, they would be the last to wish us to sit and mope in gloomy silence

Many of the stories herein published are true, many no doubt are invented. They all deal, however, with Tommy and Jack, and their humour must tend to add to the warmth of our regard for both. That they should have been circulated at all at such a time is a tribute to the courage and fortitude of the race, of which Tommy and Jack are among the best and best-loved specimens.

Many of the following stories have been told to me; many more have been taken from the pages of those family journals which have become almost a national institution with us, and which have certainly done all they could to popularise the fighting services and to promote enthusiasm and patriotism among the community. The source has been acknowledged wherever possible. The short excerpts from *Punch* have been included by special permission of the proprietors, and I have to express my thanks to the Editors of *London Opinion*, *Sporting Times*, *Tit-Bits*, *Answers*, *The Weekly Telegraph*, *Town Topics* and *Pearson's Weekly*, who have permitted me to draw largely from their pages.

W.S.

TALES FROM THE TRENCHES

They told me a tale from the trenches,
A tale that made me smile,
It hadn't been passed by the Censor,
But its fun was free from guile.
And it showed that the breezy humour
Of the good old-fashioned kind
Is NOT *in the lot of little things*
That our boys have left behind.

It is good in the hell of slaughter
That the Huns have loosed on earth
To know that our hero fighters
Have still a zest for mirth.
And gay in the face of fury,
Whose lips like a madman's foam,
They can send us their merry stories
To make us smile at home.

DAGONET.

TOMMY & JACK

DON JUAN IN KHAKI.

SHOP ASSISTANT (to Tommy who has asked to see some silver name-brooches): "Here you are. Take your choice. Ethel, Maud, Gladys, Pearl, Dolly—any of these?"

Tommy: "Yes, all those but Gladys. And I'll have Polly and Alice, too, if you've got 'em."—*Punch.*

INQUISITIVE OLD PARTY discussing the Mons vision): "And you are positive you saw the angels? Were they close to you?"

Tommy: "Close! W'y, a pal o' mine wot was with me spotted an aunt of his among 'em."—*Tit-Bits.*

"I SEE you complain of a sore throat?" said the regimental doctor, looking at his report as the last member of the sick parade stepped up.

"Yes, sir; terribly sore!" answered the bandsman huskily.

The doctor examined him carefully.

"Yes, it is rather inflamed," said he. "You had better not strain it in the band. I shall strike you off duty for a week; come to me again at the end of that time, and in the interval gargle with salt and water."

At the end of the week back came the bandsman quite recovered.

"That's good!" said the doctor. "You're fit for duty again now, so you can return to your work to-day. By the way, what is your instrument?"

"The side-drum, sir!" answered Tommy, without the flicker of an eyelid.—*Answers.*

SEVERAL Tommies, back from the Front, were comparing souvenirs. One of them produced a door-knocker, and, called upon for an explanation, said:

"It's the knocker of a French pub—you 'ave to knock to get in. Well, I was a knocking when a bloomin' Jack Johnson came and blew away the 'ole place, except wot I'd got in me 'and."

FOR three solid hours the captain had been lecturing his men on the "duties of a soldier," and he thought it was time to see how much they had understood his discourse.

Looking round the room, he cast his eyes upon Private Ginty.

"Private Ginty," he asked, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?"

Private Ginty scratched his head for a minute.

"Sure, Captain," he said, pleasantly, "you're quite right. Why should he?"—*Sporting Times.*

PRIVATE TOMMY SIMS had had pneumonia and had been for some time in the hospital, where they treated him so well that he was much averse to the prospect of being discharged as "cured." One day the doctor was taking his temperature, and while Tommy had the thermometer in his mouth, the doctor moved on and happened to turn his back. Tommy saw his

chance. He pulled the thermometer out of his mouth and popped it into a cup of hot tea, replacing it at the first sign of the medico's turning. When that worthy examined the thermometer he looked first at Tommy and then back at the thermometer, and gasped:

"Well, my man, you're not dead, but you ought to be!"—*Tit-Bits.*

During the recent very heavy rains some of our camps have been nearly flooded out, but even this has not damped the jovial spirit of the new Tommy Atkins, for, upon being asked the whereabouts of a certain private, the officer nearly collapsed with the prompt salute and reply:

"Gone ashore, sir!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Villager: "An' did ye find many dead Germans after tho battle?"

Irish Tommy: "Dead Germans? Sure an' the whole hillside wuz aloive wid 'em."—*Judge.*

A certain cavalry recruit was suffering his first field-day. He managed to control himself and his horse fairly well until the big guns went off.

Then the horse jibbed and capered, and the rider dismounted hurriedly. But he was quickly back in his seat.

Again the guns sounded, and again the raw rider was thrown. This time he calmly went round to his horse's head and stood there, holding the reins and patting it soothingly.

"Why don't you mount again, man?" stormed his sergeant furiously.

"Wot's the good?" replied the recruit disconsolately. "Those bloomin' guns will go off again in a minute!"—*Answers.*

The spirit of self-sacrifice was manifested on every hand; and, if this war has done nothing else, it has at least done something that leaders of all parties have been striving to do for a generation; it had brought the masses and the classes together on a common ground of understanding.

One of the stories I told them concerned a little looting foray, from which a "Tommy" was returning, bearing in his hand a nice plump chicken, when he collided with an officer. The officer said nothing. He just commandeered the chicken, which was trussed and cooked for the mess. Just as the officers sat down, however, a "Jack Johnson" dropped smack upon the building, blowing the feast to the four winds.

"Serve 'em jolly well right!" murmured the Tommy who had purloined the chicken. "I expect the bally 'Uns knew it was a looted bird."

"Aye," said his Scotch friend, "aye, lad; the mills o' God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Private Jones was blazing away through his loophole, when his section officer rushed up.

"What do you mean, man," he yelled, angrily, "wasting your ammunition like that?"

"I was only givin' 'em fifteen rapid, sir," pleaded the marksman, meekly.

"And do you think you have done any good with your fifteen rapid?" the officer snorted, sarcastically.

"Dunno, sir," said Jones; "but I overheard a German officer telling the stretcher-bearers to bury fourteen of them and take the fifteenth down to the base."—*Tit-Bits.*

The wounded Highlander in hospital was very depressed, and seemed to make no headway towards recovery. He was for ever talking about his "bonnie Scotland," and the idea occurred to the doctor that a Scotch piper might rouse his spirits.

After some hunting around a piper

was found, and it was arranged that he should present himself outside the hospital that night, and pour forth all the gems of Scottish music the pipes were capable of interpreting. This he did.

When the astute doctor turned up the next morning, he eagerly asked the matron :

"Did the piper turn up ?"

"He did," replied the matron.

"And how's our Scotch patient ?"

"Oh, he's fine ; I never saw such a change," said the matron.

"That's grand. It was a fine idea of mine to get that piper," said the delighted doctor.

"Yes," said the matron, sadly ; "but the other thirty patients have all had a serious relapse."—*Tit-Bits.*

He prides himself on his patriotism and is for ever talking about it ; yet he cannot understand patriotism in others. A story anent this has been told—a story apocryphal, no doubt, but too delightful, and incidentally typical, to be missed.

An English soldier was taken prisoner by the Germans "somewhere in France." When he was conducted to the rear, he remarked to one of his captors :

"You've got me and some pals of mine, but we Britishers did give you Germans a 'ell of a time !"

The German soldier promptly reported this to his officer, who sent for Tommy and ordered him to repeat what he had said.

"You've got me and some pals of mine, but we Britishers did give you Germans a 'ell of a time," he said, smiling.

The officer was outraged, said that this was a gross breach of discipline, and that the offender must be shot. Tommy protested violently, but was told that the sentence could only be mitigated if he would take an oath of allegiance to the Kaiser. He grinned and took the oath. Then he turned to the officer and said :

"Those Britishers did give us Germans a 'ell of a time !"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

An officer of engineers in charge of the construction of a road being built through a swampy section ordered a young lieutenant to take fifteen men and cross the swamp.

Being particularly energetic and accustomed to overcoming anything in the way of obstacles, the engineer was surprised when the lieutenant reported he could not do it, the mud was too deep.

The colonel recommended him to try again, which he did, returning with his men covered with mud. He approached the colonel.

"Colonel !" he said, "the mud is over the men's heads. I cannot cross !"

The colonel ordered him to make a requisition for anything necessary for a safe passage, and the lieutenant immediately applied for "Fifteen men, eighteen feet long, to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep !"

Recruiting Sergeant : "Want to join the cavalry, do you ? Know anything about horses ?"

Applicant : "Wot ! me ? Three winners and a second yesterday ! Lummc, guv'nor ! Wot do you think ?"—*Punch.*

They were two real "sports," and loved to put a little bit on anything and everything. They were in the same company and got knocked out at the same time by the same shell. They lay side by side in their cots in the base hospital, and the news was gently broken to them that they were both "going west."

"Say, Bill," said one.

"What oh, chummy," came faintly from the other bed.

"Are you booked, Bill ?"

"Yus, Tommy, no more Old Kent Road fur me. How's it with you, Tommy ?"

"Sime as you, Bill; but I say, chummy," and the voice got fainter and fainter, "when we get—to the other side—I'll fly you for arf a dollar!"—*Sporting Times.*

It was a time when Tim should have been in active service that he was discovered by his sergeant in a hole well out of the way of even a stray bullet.

"Get out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant sternly. "Get out of it immediately!"

The usually good-natured Irish face looked up at him with stubborn resistance written on every feature.

"You may be me superior officer," he answered boldly, "but all the same, O'im the wan that found this hole fir-r-st."

"And how many times were you hit, my poor man?" said the kind lady who visited the hospital.

"Only once," groaned the weary patient.

"Only once!" echoed the lady.

"Why, ow many times would you like me to be 'it?" snapped the invalid. "You old cannibal!"

His name was Montagu, but the sergeant would pronounce it in two syllables, the second rhyming with "vague."

"Mont-a-gu, please," he said at last, desperately.

"Oh, Mont-a-gu," said the sergeant. "Well, then, Mr. Mont-a-gu, I'll jest give yer three days fat-i-gue for c'rectin' your superior officer!"

Territorial Driver (to his horses, getting dangerously near the sea): "'Alt, carn't yer? I'm only for Home Service, if *you* ain't!"—*Punch.*

Captain Turner, of the ill-fated *Lusitania*, had a story about the ravages of sea sickness that he often told in the saloon.

"A passenger," he would begin, "approached another passenger, and said:

"'We're getting up a tug-of-war between a team of married men and a team of single men. You're married, aren't you?'

"'No,' the other answered. 'I'm sea-sick. That's what makes me look like this!'"—*Tit-Bits.*

They who serve their country do not always find their efforts appreciated. The Dwarf, up in town, was surprised to be scowled at by one of the most beautiful ladies of his acquaintance.

"What have I done to offend you?" asked our man.

"Done!" said the beautiful lady. "Why, you've got my hairdresser in your beastly concentration camp."—*Town Topics.*

The recruiting enthusiast was at his very best. He had worked himself up to such a height of enthusiasm that it would have taken two men and a boy to see the top of it.

"Is there an able-bodied man here," he yelled, "who is not ashamed of himself if he is not in the Army? I challenge such a man to step forward and admit himself a coward."

A very hefty-looking listener whispered, with the tones of a steam siren:

"'Ere's one, guv'nor. I'm strong an' 'ealthy enough, but I ain't ashamed o' not bein' in no bloomin' Army."

"And why not?" stormed the orator.

"'Cos I'm in the Navy," was the all-sufficient answer.—*Sporting Times.*

"I 'ear some blokes sayin' the pubs orter be shut up till the war's over ter make 'em eagerer ter defend the country."

"W'y, the country wouldn't be worth defendin'!"—*Sydney Bulletin*

"IT'S ALL YOUR DOING, KAISER BILL!"

I HAD to leave my happy home,
And join the blooming army—
Me and my pals had to leave our gals,
And all because you was barmy!
Football had hardly quite begun,
Cricket was nearly over,
When I heard 'em say you was on the way
To cross the Straits of Dover.

I heard 'em say you'd begun a war
In a way that was rather dirty;
What next I heard, I give you my word,
It fairly made me shirty.
I heard of your deeds in Belgium,
A ravagin' and spoilin'—
How kids was used and women abused,
And it set my blood a-boilin'.

I had to join and no mistake,
And all along o' you, Bill!
As a young recruit I learned to shoot,
'Twas the only thing to do, Bill.
And at last they sent me out to the Front,
And I took my place with the fighters,
And for many a day, I'm proud to say,
I had a go at your blighters.

And at last I got it in the neck!
But I'd done my little portion;
My body's broke, and it ain't no joke,
You lyin' old abortion!
I lost a leg and I lost a chum,
But I've got 'em down in my way-bill,
And the reckoning day won't long delay,
And, by ——, you'll have to pay, Bill!

—*W.S.*

A RECRUIT in Kitchener's Army was recently sent to the barracks of a large provincial town. Shortly after his arrival there he thought he would like to see the sights, and asked for a pass from his sergeant, which he promptly received. After wandering round the town to his heart's content he tried to find his way back, and being unacquainted with the place this was no easy matter. Eventually he reached barracks some hours late, to be brought before his sergeant for an explanation.

Sergeant: "What is the meaning of your turning up so late?"

Recruit: "I lost my way, sir."

Sergeant: "You lost your way?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir."

Sergeant: "Well, you had better stay in barracks until you know the town better. Dismiss!"—*Tit-Bits.*

"THE first person I met on landing—a man in a dirty shirt and trousers, no coat, filthy and begrimed, heaving sacks of corn about—was Lord Howard de Walden. I had a chat with him about Wigmore Street, and shall try to see him again."

This description of one of London's wealthiest landlords, who before the war spent his time in writing the libretti of operas, and subsidising their production, is contained in a letter from a man serving in Gallipoli.

"WOT *is* it?" asked the quartermaster when the latest recruit presented himself for kit. "'As someone presented the regiment with a bloomin' '*mascot*'—or wot?"

THE weather had been very wet for weeks, and the roads, "Somewhere across the Channel," were in a very bad state.

Consequently, it was not surprising that a wagon in a certain supply column suddenly dived into a hole full of mud and refused to budge.

At this critical moment up came an Army chaplain, who at once proffered his services.

"Men," he said, "I see you're

in difficulties. Can I be of any help ?"

"Yes, sir," answered a burly sergeant, bluntly, as he mopped his brow, "you can give us the greatest help by making yourself scarce."

"Making myself scarce !" gasped the chaplain. "Why, how——"

"Yes, sir," broke in the sergeant, "you see, we can't very well say to the horses what they'd understand, while you are about !"—*Tit-Bits.*

EMINENT Woman Surgeon, who is also an ardent Suffragist (to wounded Guardsman): "Do you know, your face is singularly familiar to me. I've been trying to remember where we've met before."

Guardsman: "Well, mum, bygones be bygones. I *was* a police constable."—*Punch.*

THE following story comes from German South-West Africa :—

Several of the regiment that went there with Botha kept tame scorpions which they fed up on shreds of meat, flies, etc., and when two regiments met their scorpions were matched to fight on a waggon sail or waterproof sheet. One day the Imperial Light Horse met Botha's Natal Horse, and each having a particularly hefty scorpion, heavy wagering took place on the contest. When the pair went into the ring, instead of fighting, they proceeded to make violent love, and it was then discovered for the first time that the Imperial Light Horse scorpion was a lady.

All bets were off.—*Town Topics.*

A WEARY Tommy was plodding along a Surrey highway with which he was unfamiliar. Of a passing stranger he asked the way to Haslemere.

"You see that hill over there ?" replied the latter, "well—you cross over that and you pass a pub just over the ridge——"

"Do I ?" cried Tommy, bucking up marvellously. "Bet you a quid I don't, guv'nor !"

And he didn't.

PRIVATE BROWN had fallen out already three times on the route march. Nearing home, he once more sought the rest the roadside offered.

To him strides up the sergeant.

"Look 'ere, my lad," said the man of stripes, "you've joined the wrong regiment. You ought to be in the Flying Corps—they only let you fall out once there !"

THE SUFFERERS.

IT was at a soldiers' concert at which no alcoholic liquors were being supplied, the men being served with mineral waters by young lady helpers. Said a soldier to the young lady helper :

"Do you see that man who is singing has got his eyes shut ?"

"Yes. What's he doing that for ?"

"He can't bear to look at us. He knows wot we're sufferin'."—*London Opinion.*

A SOLDIER who writes poetry between bayonet charges—who literally holds a rifle in one hand and a pen in the other—is fighting for his country in the Dardanelles.

He is Signaller Ellis Silas, of the Australian Expeditionary Force, and he has already received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for conspicuous bravery.

Signaller Silas, writing home to his mother, sends some thrilling verses written at the time when his company were in action.

"For some days one of the enemy's trenches, overlooking the road through which our stores were brought, had been giving us considerable trouble," he says, "and finally we were ordered to take the ridge."

During this exciting operation,

Signaller Silas wrote verses, of which the following is one :—

We're getting near their lines, boys; the ridge is on the right.
A startling cry—"Charge, boys!" breaks into the night.
Come on! Up and at 'em! The enemy's in sight!
And we're singing "Tipperary" as we rush up to the height!

Signaller Silas writes a few more lines, and then he suddenly breaks off. He scrawls a hasty note: "There has been a call to arms. . . . An anxious time. . . . Waiting for reinforcements."

HER son had enlisted, and she was a proud old woman as she harangued a knot of firends on the village street.

"Garge always done 'is duty by me, 'e 'as, an' now 'e's doin' 'is duty by king an' country," she said. "I feel right down sorry for them Germans, to think of 'im goin' into battle with 'is rifle in 'is 'and, and 'It's a long way to Tipperary' on 'is lips."

"Poor Germans, indeed!" exclaimed one of the audience. "Pity's wasted on 'em! P'raps you 'aven't 'eard of their cruelties?"

"P'raps I 'aven't," agreed the old lady. "An' p'raps you 'aven't 'eard Garge sing."

"TOMMY ATKINS keeps his loose change in the butt of his rifle."—Weekly contemp.

German infantrymen who have been "whanged on the dome" with a British butt now know what we mean by saying that it's money makes the world go round.—*Sporting Times.*

THE dear, short-sighted old lady who at a railway station had mistaken a young naval officer for the guard of the train was covered with confusion, but the young sailor was so nice to her that eventually she quite purred with delight and asked him his name. The boy told her what it is, and she repeated it several times so as to remember it, and added:

"I shall be so delighted when I see that name in the casualty list."

The dear old thing, of course, really meant the list of honours.—*Town Topics.*

"THEY charged like demons," said the retired colonel, excitedly. "I never saw anything to touch it! The way they charged was positively staggering."

"What does he mean?" whispered the man who had just come in, to his neighbour. "Is he talking about some battle?"

"No," replied the other. "He's just telling us about the holiday he spent at a Highland hotel."

WOUNDED SOLDIER (in hospital): "Soon me ribs'll grow together once again, and then they'll have me out o' this and send mo back to what they calls 'light duty.' Back to Aldershot or Salisbury Plain or Colchester. I don't want none o' that. I'd rather go back to the front again—to dror me second ration. They ain't so rigimental at the front. They don't mess a man about so much. . . There's more *peace* for a man out there at the front."—*Kitchener Chaps,* by *A. Neil Lyons.*

A SHELL bursting in a trench in France struck a box of gramophone needles, seventeen of which were afterwards extracted from a soldier's back. That is "getting the needle" with a vengeance.—*Punch.*

FIRST TOMMY: "'Ullo, Bill, 'ow d'yer come ter get that little lot?"

Second ditto (escorting two very fat German prisoners): "The blinkers surrendered—said they were fed up; 'adn't 'ad nothing ter eat for three days."—*London Opinion.*

COSTER: "'Ere ye are, ladies! Ostend rabbits! Killed by the British Fleet!"—*Punch.*

VISITOR: "Do you know what regiment it was passed by just now?"

Native: "I don't know, sir; I think 'twas the West something."

Visitor: "West Riding?"

Native: "No, sir; they was a-walking—wasn't un, Jarge?"—*The Tatler.*

SHORT-SIGHTED OLD LADY (to Naval Officer waiting for a taxi): "I say, Commissionaire, can you tell me if Charlie Chaplin is showing here this afternoon?"

Extract from soldier's letter:—

"The trenches are really jolly comfortable, except for the mud and the people who live opposite."

WHAT do you think of this? The undertakers here are short of coffin nails. It seems that all the decorative nails and plates were made in Germany. It makes one wonder if the bally harps in the next world are manufactured by the Huns.—*Sporting Times.*

"WHEN the war broke out," said a tall Canadian, "I did not see how I could leave my farm, for I have only been about three years up country, and this is the first year I have got a full crop. It seemed to me that if I went away from it, it would go back to the condition in which I found it, and my mate, who has a cabin next door—he is an old backwoodsman—said that I would be a fool to go. But as I read the papers from week to week, I got more and more restless, and at last, when it came to the 'gassing' of the Canadians and the sinking of the *Lusitania*, I simply couldn't stand it any longer. I handed over my stock and implements to Bill, put up the shutters on the windows, nailed up the front door, and here I am. I have neither wife nor kids, and if my life is worth anything, the Huns can have it, but I'll have a good slap at them first!"

This man's spirit is typical of the pervading tone of the Canadians.—*Westminster Gazette.*

THE youth's holiday at the seaside had been anything but a joyous festival, owing to the eternal question.

"And what reason, etc.," began the fortieth inquirer, by the bandstand.

"Business," came the stock reply.

"What business?" pursued the questioner.

"Well, I thought I might soon be able to set up as a feather merchant."—*Town Topics.*

THE manners of Prussian officers appear to improve when they reach the front. Before charging the enemy, they often remark, "After you" to their men.

A TRENCH in the first line suddenly receives some shells, but its occupants observe with horror that they are coming from behind, from our own artillery. Immediately they ring up the battery, "You are firing on us?"

"Not a bit of it, we are firing at the German trench."

"But we are getting the shells."

"How far are you, then, from the German trench?"

"Twenty yards."

Then the pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique who commands the battery replies with just pride, "Twenty yards? That is the probable margin of error. It can't be helped."

Nevertheless, having enunciated this mathematical verity, he corrected his aim.—*Cri de Paris.*

APROPOS the naming of the giant shells at the front after the well-known prize-fighter, Jack Johnson, this negro bruiser was sitting in his

role of providing amusement for British Tars. It has become quite "chummy" with its new messmates, and follows them about the decks like a dog. To one bluejacket in particular the animal has attached itself, and during off-duty times the man may be seen taking a nap on deck and using the pig for a pillow.—*Tit-Bits.*

THIS is a copy of the front page of a musical programme on board H.M.S. *Cyclops* :—

"KING SEEGER'S RAGTIME BAND."

The usual Saturday Evening Concert will be held to-night on the forehatch, at 8.15.

Conductor ....Count von Seeger, B.A.

A Good Pull-up for Germhun Subs.

"THE YARD ARM."

(Best Drop in the Navy !)

Don't Forget the Hat during the Interval !

Seeger's Stirring Appeal : "We Want More Instruments !"

All the Stars will Appear Next Week.

(If there are any stars here).

"IF you could only shoot as well as you can eat," said the musketry instructor, "you'd be a crack shot ! But, oh, lor !"

"All right, sergeant, you just wait a bit. I've been practisin' eatin' twenty-four years, and I've only had this gun a fortn't !"

A PARTY of soldiers bound for "somewhere in France" were waiting for their train at a rural station in Wiltshire.

Among the lookers-on were an old countryman and his wife. Walking slowly past the warriors, the woman eyed them carefully, her attention being mainly paid to their puttee-clad legs.

"I say, Garge," she whispered, when out of earshot, "there's somethin' I can't understand about they solgers."

"What be it, lass ?" asked her good man, with a superior air.

"I can't think how they get their laigs into they twisted trousers," said the old woman, in wonder.—*Weekly Telegraph.*

HE had been on the stage before he joined Kitchener's lot, and occasionally gave a recitation in camp. One evening he began—

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears——" when a voice from the audience interrupted :

"Yah ! you and yer borrowin' ! 'Ow about that fourpence I lent yer last Toosday !"

ONE of the Sultan's worries at present is 6ft. 8in. long. Its name is Private William Buckley, and it comes from Gulgong (N.S.W.). Little Willie, standing on tip-toe, can just see Constantinople. If he ever gets to France the Germans are certain to mistake him for a cathedral spire, which will be very bad for Willie.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

THE UMPIRE : "Your men are all out of action ; you've been shot over and over again."

Platoon Commander : "Then we may as well eat our lunch, sir ?"

THE Germans are experimenting with a view to making their warships less conspicuous at sea. They seem to have succeeded. Sir John Jellicoe says he cannot get a glimpse of them.

"THE Kaiser, at the beginning of the war, called on God, 'tho old German God,' in two or three telegrams and messages a day. But now——"

The speaker, Lord Eustace Percy, of the British Embassy in Washington, shrugged and smiled.

"But now the Kaiser has stopped calling on God. Has warfare weakened his faith ? Is he like little Willie ?

"'Willie, did you say your prayers last night?' the minister asked.

"'No,' Willie answered, 'and I didn't say 'em the night before last, and I ain't a-goin' to say 'em to-night neither; and then, if there don't anything get me, I ain't ever a-goin' to say 'em!'"—*London Opinion.*

Old Lady (in country post-office): "I want to send these trousers by book post to my son, who is wounded."

Assistant: "We cannot send trousers by book post."

Old Lady: "But I understand anything that's open at both ends can be sent as book post."

Riley: "So Casey was killed entirely by th' explosion. Who broke the news to the widdy?"

Rooney: "'Twas big Tim Houlihan as did it."

Riley: "Did he do it gintly and by degrays?"

Rooney: "Troth he did, thin. He bogun be askin' her to marry him."—*Tit-Bits.*

At Shorneliffe the other day, I found the Canadians introducing a new dance. They call it the "Salvation," because, they explained, they dance it on their heels and thus save their soles!—*London Opinion.*

Quite recently a smart and newly-joined corporal of a battalion of Kitchener's army met a civilian attired in flannels and armed with a tennis racket on a road not far from a well-known military camp.

"Now then," exclaimed the corporal in a very severe tone of voice, "don't you think that it is time for you to stop that mug's game and get into khaki—you and your tennis?" he added scathingly.

"I'll think of it," exclaimed the abashed civilian.

"Think of it!" exploded the corporal, "so you may —— well think of it!"

The civilian walked on—into the camp, from which he emerged a few minutes later, a subaltern of the battalion to which the corporal belonged. What the smart corporal thought and said to himself is not yet recorded.

Commander: "What's his character apart from this leave-breaking?"

Petty Officer: "Well, sir, this man 'e goes ashore when 'e likes; 'e comes off when 'e likes; 'e uses 'orrible language when 'e's spoken to; in fact, from 'is general be'aviour, 'o might be a orficer!"—*Punch.*

THEY DO SAY:

That the general health of the Allies will be much better after they have taken Enos.

That if they go on bombarding that unfortunate town much more, Ypres will be completely wiped out.

That there have been more than three scores made on Hill 60, and the spot ought to be re-named "The Hill of Difficulty."

That our transports are full of soldiers, and our soldiers are full of transports.

That Kaiser Wilhelm has appeared in yet another striking character.

That with shouldered death's-head flag and pointed pistol he delights in singing—

"I am a pirate king, I am, I am a
pirate king,
And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a pirate king."

That when he expires he may be fitly described as an ex-pirate.—*Durban Pictorial.*

Tales of British pluck in the Navy and the Army are for ever being told, but there is only one instance on record of a British soldier facing the fire of a whole army

of fellow, began boasting about what he had done.

"You know, old chap," he added, "I scored one hundred and three out of a possible one hundred and thirty."

"Yes," replied his chum, quite unconcerned. "But that's nothing. I shot so well that even those chaps at the target got excited and waved pretty little flags to me!"

THE Turk holding on in Gallip
Is secretly loathing the trip.
He finds the occasion
Quite too Australasian,
And, generally speaking, "gets gip."

BOTTLES containing high explosives have been found in a steamer. They used to be quite common in various West End taverns once.

THE Germans are now reproaching themselves for ever believing that we couldn't raise a large army. For reckoning, in fact, without our host.

"Now, in the event of a fire breaking out, what are you to do?"

"Run and find you, sir."

"Right. And, if I'm not to be found, what then?"

"Put out the fire, sir."—*Punch.*

FROM Company orders:

"Any men wishing to make any alteration in their next-of-kin must send in a notification to Orderly Room by 5 p.m."

"A CHAP had just gone to the Flanders front," said George Ade, "from the training camp in Devon, and his calmness and cheerfulness under German fire impressed everyone. So much so, in fact, that his corporal declared:

"'I never saw a new hand settle right down to it like George.'

"'Oh,' said another recruit, 'if you knew George's wife, corporal, you'd understand how the poor fellow enjoys a quiet day among the vitriol sprays and poison bombs.'"

THE following letter to the *Daily Express* from "Somewhere in France" is typical of the cheery nature of our fighting lads.

"Dear Orion,—Will you please insert an application for a meat-mincer, not to benefit one man, but a whole section. A change in food, such as rissoles, is a great boon to the boys. My duty is to see that they get a good tummy-full, as with that same tummy full they can and do work much better. I enclose a specimen menu, which I stick up each day. Perhaps your readers would like to see this one. They cause plenty of fun, and jokes by the score.—Yours hopingly,

"G. F. REED,
(Transport Section Cook.)"

THE MENU.

SOUPS.—Gyppa (plenty of it).

ENTREES.—Boiled beef and carrots (carrots only for those who come first, as only a limited supply). Fried steak and onions (good supply of both).

VEGETABLES. — Murphies (boiled and fried), fried onions, boiled carrots, cauliflowers (hurry up for these—nothing much doing).

SWEETS.—Stewed rhubarb*, rice (*1d. per portion).

CHEESE (but no celery).

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

1. Eat and be merry, for the cook's temper is made none the sweeter by the petty bickerings of others.

2. The "bird" to be given by the section to the culprit who drew his ration of tea, then fried some eggs, which, when cooked, he dropped in the fire and upset his tea. The "bird" also to be given to the man who dropped his plate of gyppa because it burnt his fingers. What a soldier! "Give him the bird, Harry!"

THE owner of a chateau in the war zone got home from business one evening and found that a reconnoitring party had stolen every clock on the premises.

"Every clock taken," the owner growled, "right under the nose of our expensive new dog."

"But, father," said the man's daughter, "Towser, you must remember, is only a watch dog."—*London Opinion.*

A MAN in the English Veteran Reserves was called up recently. After a week at his new quarters, he was brought up before the officer commanding for not cleaning his rifle one day. Said the officer commanding:

"Hem, you're an old soldier re-enlisted, I see. I suppose it will be many years ago since you were reprimanded? What was your last offence? Can you remember what it was?"

The old soldier, with irony on account of the repeated assertions to his age, replied:

"For not cleanin' ma bow an' arrow, sir!"

ACTUAL extract from a sailor's letter to his wife:

"Dear Jane: I am sending you a postal order for ten shillings, which I hope you may get—but you may not—as this letter has to pass the censor."—*Punch.*

THE CZAR was recently complimenting a soldier and asked him if he would rather have 100 roubles or the Iron Cross.

"Would your Majesty deign to tell me the value of the cross?" inquired the private.

"Oh, it is not worth much intrinsically; perhaps two roubles."

"Then, your Majesty, I will take the cross and ninety-eight roubles."

This is an interesting episode, and the most interesting thing about it is that it also happened during the Franco-Prussian War, the Crimean War, the Seven Years' War, and the Marlborough campaigns.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A TOMMY was up in the orderly room for the first time, and as he was very young and raw, the colonel thought he would let him down easy, so said:

"Tell me, my man, what do you think would happen to you if you told me a lie?"

"Please, sir, I think I would go to hell."

"Hell be blowed!" replied the colonel. "You'd be tried by a court martial, which is a dashed sight worse for you!"—*Sporting Times.*

A COMPANY of Aldershot Mounted Infantry is on a route march, the men carrying half feed of corn on saddle. One of the men had his nosebag in his hand.

Officer: "Now, Palmer, what are you doing with that nose bag?"

T. A.: "Bag was 'anging loose, sir, and I was afraid the seed would fall aht."

Officer: "Seed! What seed? Do you think you're riding a canary?"

SCENE: A South African river.

Officer, as naked as Adam, is bathing. To him enters, on the bank, a piquet sentry

Sentry: "Come out of that 'ere. Don't you know men ain't allowed to bathe 'ere?"

Officer (drawing himself to his full height): "Can't you see, sentry, that I am an officer?"—*Sporting Times.*

Two of Kitchener's boys were returning to camp after rifle practice at the range, where the markers wave a red and white flag acros the targets if you fail to hit.

They were both very new to soldiering, but were as keen as mustard. One of them, rather a conceited sort

VERY proud in his new khaki uniform, he was walking round camp, and went to the butts, where some soldier lads were trying to hit a bull's eye, but repeatedly missed.

"Here, boys," called out the officer, "I'll show you how to shoot."

And he took a rifle and missed. Having a good strain of Irish blood in him, his wits quickly came to his aid, and he smilingly remarked :

"That's how you shoot."

Taking a steadier aim, he fired again, and this time exactly pierced the bull's-eye.

"That," said he, triumphantly, "is the way I shoot."—*Tit-Bits.*

THERE is a species of sentry groups employed near the trenches. These are called "listening patrols," and their duties are to be always on the alert and give timely warning of any attempted attack. One night an officer on his rounds inspected a listening patrol stationed in an empty farm. He asked :

"Who are you ?"

The reply was :

"Listenin' patrol, sir."

"What are your duties ?"

"We listen for the hen cacklin', and then we pinches the egg, sir"—*Tit-Bits.*

A PRIVATE in the A.S.C (who was a vegetarian) report d sick one morning. After examination, the doctor told him to eat more animal food, and report again in a week's time.

He did so. Asked by the doctor how he felt, he replied :

"Not very well, sir."

"Have you eaten any animal food ?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir. I got on very well with the beans and oats, but I could not manage the hay."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

A GOOD story comes from the Front.

During the recent attack on the German lines a soldier had the misfortune to become detached from his regiment. He approached the sentry of the East Lancashires with the words :

"Say, chum, have you seen any R.I.R.'s (Royal Irish Rifles) about here ?"

"No," said the sentry, with a grin, "but there's plenty of R.I.P.'s over there," indicating the battlefield, where the Germans had been given an hour to deal with their heavy list of casualties.—*Tit-Bits.*

SOMEWHERE in Flanders a young soldier had been on the sick list for some time, and now, after a few days' rest, looked very fit for service.

However, he was once more on the sick list the day his battalion was to leave for the trenches.

"Can you write, my lad ?" asked the medical officer.

Suddenly the bright prospect of a nice office job, in safety, seemed to open before him, so he answerod, emphatically : "Yes, sir, I can. I was a clerk in civil life."

"Very well. Now you just write a nice letter to your best girl, and tell her you are going to the trenches to-night."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

A LITTLE girl, whose father was a soldier "somewhere in France," had been taught to wind up her evening prayer with the words, "And please watch over my papa," but the mother did not show entire approval when the youngster added, "And you had better keep an eye on mamma, too."

A LANCE-CORPORAL serving with the Army Pay Corps in France writes :

"German wit isn't what you would call over bright. Their favourite quip is to ask our men, 'How far is it to Tipperary now ?' Our chaps stood it for a long time, but now they have a good answer, 'About half as far as to Calais.'"—*Tit-Bits.*

EXTRACT from Battalion Orders:

"6. Equipment. Mr. ——, accoutrement maker, from Woolwich Arsenal, has arrived here to instruct the Battalion in the Repairing and Fitting of the 1914 Pattern Equipment, which will last about two and a half days."

It seems about time to issue the more durable 1915 pattern.—*Punch.*

SUGGESTION for recruiting poster:

"If you don't get on with your relations, join the Army and change them."—*Punch.*

OWING to the shortage of fuel in Germany, it is *verboten* to tell a man to go and eat coke.

SCENE: A parade ground on which a newly-made sergeant is addressing recruits.

"Now, then, when I sez 'Fix bayonets,' you fixes 'em. That is, on the word 'Fix' you does nuffing, but when I sez 'Bayonets,' you whips 'em out and whops 'em on. 'Ave yer got me?"

PRIVATE BATES's aunt had, amongst other dainties, sent her nephew a bottle of cherries preserved in brandy.

"Very choice," thought the khakied one, and he straightway showed them to his fellow Hun-hunters.

A few days later the old lady received the following letter:

"Dear Aunt,—Thank you so much for your gift of cherries. My pals and I appreciated them immensely, not so much for themselves as for the spirit in which they were sent"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Two peevish old dames were sent over to inspect a Red Cross hospital in France. They came back and reported that a black cat was kept as a pet at the institute. The head of the hospital was written to about it, and replied:

"The black cat is the Tommies' mascot, and they're fond of her—a lot fonder than they were of the two old cats you sent out here to inspect us."—*Tit-Bits.*

THE sergeant was drilling a squad of recruits who were incredibly ignorant. One of them could not tell his right hand from his left. The sergeant proceeded to teach him, and at last attained some degree of success.

Sergeant: "Now, yer blessed idiot, hold yer hands in front of yer and twist them round one on top of the other. Stop! Now, which is yer left hand and which is yer right?"

Recruit (looking at his hands for a moment): "I'm blowed if I know. You've gone and mixed 'em!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

THE boy stood on the poop of a schooner beside the captain on a stormy night. Wishing to consult his chart, the captain said to the boy:

"Here, take the wheel. I'll be back in a few minutes. Steer by that star, and you will be all right."

The boy began to steer the vessel and soon got her out of her course. The star appeared at the stern instead of ahead, and with a feeling of pride he shouted down to the captain:

"Come up and find me another star, I've passed that one!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

ACCORDING to the Central News: "A wounded soldier, Private Richard Cockerill, states that while at the front he opened a tin of salmon and found inside a gentleman's watch. He wound it up and it started to tick merrily."

Several Scottish soldiers in the vicinity have bought up all the salmon in the district, but so far they have not yet found the gentleman's watch-chain or his purse.

been discovered in my trenches; it is believed to be used for producing asphyxiating noises."

THE NUT'S BIRTHDAY.

When Gilbert's birthday came last spring,
Oh, how our brains we racked,
To try to find a single thing
Our languid dear one lacked.
For since he nestled at his ease
Upon the lap of plenty,
Stock birthday presents failed to please
The nut of two-and-twenty.

And now his birthday's come again,
So this is what we sent him:
Some candles and a bar of soap,
Cakes, peppermint, and matches;
A pot of jam, some thread (like rope)
For stitching khaki patches.
These gifts, our soldier writes to say,
Have brought him untold riches,
To celebrate his natal day
In hard-won Flanders ditches.
—*Weekly Telegraph.*

Sergeant (in charge of firing party): "You've got a bull this time."

Recruit: "Splendid!"

Sergeant: "It's in that field on the right of the target!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Yarns, says a morning paper, will be greatly wanted for soldiers' comforts in the winter. Well, here are several!

Stables.

Men on lines grooming horses.

Stables some 100 yards away.

One old policeman, from outstation, very "fed-up" with being put on to groom horses.

Wanders idly towards stables to find a broom, or pretends to.

Looks carefully round side of stable to see if anyone is about, preparatory to clearing.

Sergeant-Major (in mufti) had been coming to stable to see a sick horse, and had carefully observed all this.

As old policeman shoves his head round side of stable, Sergeant-Major shoves his head round the other end, 80 yards off, and gently murmurs, "Peep-bo!"

Return of old policeman to work, tail between legs.—*Town Topics.*

At one of the good old-fashioned field days in the 'eighties, the illustrious Royal Duke damned the C.O. of the Royal Lancers. The colonel could say nothing, but he did not like it, and, moreover, showed that he did not.

Later on, at the "pow-wow," the Duke thought it well to make the amende honourable, and Colonel Oates replied:

"Your Royal Highness, I do not really mind your calling me a d——d fool, but what I do object to is being called a d——d fool before all these other d——d fools," the gallant colonel, as he spoke, waving his hand round the Duke's large and brilliant staff.

"I would rather land in the Dardanelles again than make a speech," said Chief Petty-Officer G. Samson, V.C., who was the guest of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union at the annual dinner in London. He was presented with a gold watch and chain. Samson won his V.C. for bravery in one of the lighters forming the bridge from the Troopship *River Clyde* to the shore in the landing in Gallipoli.

Chief Petty-Officer Edland, who picked up Samson after he had been wounded, said that he risked his life a thousand times. He fought "till his clothes were torn off with bullets." He had twenty-four bullet wounds before he fell. His action saved hundreds of lives."—*Daily Mail.*

The drill instructor passed his hand wearily across his forehead. He had been breaking in some raw

It's very warm, we're very dry,
That's not our greatest grievance.
We all cry out, "Gott strafe that fly!"
We hate its perseverance.

At work or sleep it visits us,
Its vigour we abhor,
We cuss and cuss and cuss and cuss,
Till we can cuss no more.

We'd give up "fags," we'd give up grub,
To stop their hunnish capers,
But then, you see, there comes the rub;
Where can we get fly-papers?

So p'raps you can inform us, please,
If some one cares to send
Something that will the flies decrease,
And bring them to their end!

Sappers Mick and Mack.
Hdqrs. ——, Inf. Bde. M.E.F.
—*Daily Express.*

Mr. W. K. Haselden, the well-known cartoonist, tells the following story:

"A man coming out of prison after ten years' penal servitude asked what was going on in the world.

"Well, there's most of Europe fighting, and the pubs are closed at ten in London," he was told.

"'Go on!' exclaimed the ex-convict. 'Well, I never! Fancy the pubs closing early having such an effec'!'"—*Tit-Bits.*

The latest theory about the angels who are said to have been seen by our soldiers at Mons is that they were hospital nurses. *Punch* thinks this theory is probably correct.

Some youthful "Kitcheners" were leaving for "somewhere in France." An anxious mother, seeing her "Jockie" off by train, and giving her parting advice, ended up with:

"Noo, Jockie, see an' keep weel back; noo, dinna forget!"

Headlines from a morning paper:
God Save our Men
From the Earl of Dunraven

Mr. Brampton had always understood that the life a sailor lives at sea is exceedingly primitive; but a revelation he received recently proved a shock, even to him.

He wished to consult the mate of a vessel about to start on a voyage, and when he got aboard he spoke to the first man he saw.

"Excuse me," he said, "but are you the mate?"

The answer came in a rich brogue.

"No, sorr," said the individual, "Oi'm the mon as cooks the mate."
—*Tit-Bits.*

The lecturer on the war waxed eloquent in his description of artillery fire.

"The noise of the big guns," he declaimed, "is appalling. The reverberations of the big guns transcend the thunders of the heavens; they are enough to deafen the quick and rouse the dead."

"What about the others?" came an interruption.

"The others? There are no others, sir; the quick and the dead embrace all."

"Oh! ain't there others!" snapped the questioner, smarting under a recent experience of cistern repairs in his home. "What about plumbers, mister?"—*Weekly Telegraph.*

All English battalions were recently warned to keep a careful watch for any contrivances which the Germans might use with the object of producing poisonous gases. Shortly afterwards a certain regiment on taking over some trenches found an old bagpipe left in the lines. At once the colonel, who possessed a rare sense of humour, sent the following message to brigade headquarters:

"A weird instrument has just

took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon, and——"

"Look here," interrupted one of the doubtful listeners, "you don't mean the ammunition wagon. You mean the ambulance wagon."

But the old man shook his head.

"No," he insisted; "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition wagon."—*Answers.*

VOLUNTEER OFFICER (to private, who during sham fight is standing upright): "Hi! What are you doing there? Take cover! You'll be shot!"

Private: "It's all right, sir. I've got me foot on the inimy colonel's face!"

THE cavalry brigade was having a field-day. The weather was thick, the contour of the ground was tricky—and two opposing squadrons rode into each other. Amongst those bowled over was a Yeomanry officer attached to one of the regiments for a month's training. Covered with blood and dust, he lay on the ground fumbling for his eye-glass. He found it at last and, screwing it into his undamaged eye, remarked to the world at large:

"How interestin'. This is the first time I've ever seen a cavalry charge."

A FRENCH reporter encountered in a little village of the South of France a gardener who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Naturally, the newspaper man desired to know how he got it. The gardener, who, like many of his trade, seemed to be a silent man, was averse to meeting an old and wearisome demand, but finally he began:

"Oh, I don't know how I did get it! I was at Bazeilles with the rest of the battery. All the officers were killed, then down went all the non-commissioned officers. Bang! bang! bang! By-and-bye all the soldiers went down but me. I had fired the last shot, and naturally was doing what I could to keep off the Bavarians.

"Well, a general came, and says he, 'Where's your officers?'

"'All down,' says I.

"'Where' s your gunners,' says he.

"'All down but me,' says I.

"'And you've been fighting here all alone?' says he.

"'I couldn't let 'em come and get the guns, could I?' I says; and then he up and put this ribbon on me, probably because there was nobody else there to put it on."

IT was a merry convalescent boy officer, back from the front, who told me of his great feat of arms. For twelve hours he and a "Tommy" had lain helplessly wounded and unobserved, mutually consoling each other. At last they saw four German soldiers approaching.

"All up now," was the thought, as the enemy halted beside them.

No such thing. The enemy asked to be taken prisoners! Our boy officer consented, on condition that the four Germans should support the two Englishman into camp. The conditions were duly observed.—*St. James's Gazette.*

PERCEIVING a group of small boys jumping on another boy as he lay on the pavement, the benevolent old gentleman was full of sympathy with the under dog.

"Now, now," he said, "fair play. Four to one isn't right."

"It's all right, sir. It's his turn to be the Kaiser. He'll be British in the next fight."—*Tit-Bits.*

THE following from *Punch*:

First Trawl Skipper (to friend who is due to sail by next tide): "Are ye takin' any precautions against these submarines, Jock?"

Second Skipper: "Ay, although I've been in the habit of carryin'

recruits and instructing them in the elements of company drill.

The majority were intelligent fellows, and found no difficulty in obeying his instructions ; but one, in particular, did not seem able to understand a simple order.

At last, losing his temper, the drill instructor determined to bring him to his senses by holding him up to ridicule. Calling him to the front he proceeded to put him through his paces.

"Eyes front !" he roared.

To everybody's astonishment the recruit gazed absent-mindedly about him.

"Do you mean to say," bellowed the instructor, "that you do not know where your front is ?"

"Yes, I know, sir," he replied.

"Well, then, where is it ?" demanded the instructor.

"Please, sir," he faltered, "it's gone to the laundry."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

Open air riding school.

Recruits going round with crossed stirrups. Sergeant-Major in centre of ride.

Bugle blows and leading man's horse bolts away towards stables, man with both arms round horse's neck.

Sergeant-Major suddenly sees him disappearing, and shouts rather unkindly, "Good-bye, Brown."

Brown, a bit of a humorist, lets go one arm and clings with the other, and turns round, waving his hand, replies, "Ta-ta, Major !"—*Town Topics.*

He was a rackety young man, and kept very late hours, but had now joined the Fusiliers and was ordered to the Front, and on bidding farewell to his beloved he said to her :

"Darling, when I am far away wilt thou gaze at yon star every night and think of me ?"

"I will, indeed, dearest," she replied. "If I needed anything to remind me of you I would choose that very star."

"Why ?" he asked.

"Because it is out so very late at night, and looks so pale in the morning."—*Tit-Bits.*

Sergeant : "'Ey, there ! Where are you going ?

The Absent-Minded Beggar (who climbed out of the trench) : "'Oly, Jiminy ! When that bloomin' shell whistled over 'ead Hi thought it was twelve o'clock :"—*University of Nebraska Awgwan.*

A British officer inspecting sentries guarding the line in Flanders came across a raw-looking yeoman.

"What are you here for ?" he asked.

"To report anything unusual, sir."

"What would you call unusual ?"

"I dunno exactly, sir."

"What would you do if you saw five battleships steaming across that field yonder ?"

"Sign the pledge, sir."

Recruiting Sergeant : "Why haven't you joined ?"

Weedy Person : "'Cause I'm on War Service.'

Recruiting Sergeant : "What are you doin' ?"

Weedy Person : "Making gramophone needles for use at the front."—*London Opinion.*

Sergeant (to awkward recruit) : "Never approach the 'osses without speakin' to 'em. If you do, that thick 'ead of yours'll get so kicked we shan't 'ave nothing but lame 'osses in the stable."—*Punch.*

The old soldier was telling of his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were sceptical as to his veracity.

"Then," he said, "the surgeon

I might have been alluding to the Emperor of Russia or the Emperor of Austria."

Official: "Oh, come! That won't do! You can't get out of it that way! There's only one confounded fool—and that's *our* emperor."—*London Opinion.*

THE other day an old bald-headed instructor in the Army was drilling a number of "Kitchener's" at L——, one of whom was certainly very round shouldered.

"What'll you give me," said the old sergeant-instructor, "if I get that big hump off your back?"

"Something to make your hair grow," was the prompt reply.—*Weekly Telegraph.*

FOND MILITARY MEMORIES.

(THE French repulsed several desperate attacks on Hill 8279 . . . . The British still hold of Spur 89764. . . . Hill 60 has disappeared.—*War items.*)

Do you recollect that evening on the slopes of 21,
And the tender way you clasped me when they fired that German gun?
It was stationed, you remember, on Escarpment 54,
Where we've planned to have our cottage at the finish of the war?
How it thrilled me through to hold you, for I knew then you were mine—
Though I never would have guessed it when we kissed on 69!

Oh, I never cared for figures of the sort we use in sums
Till I came to France and met you nursing wounded in the slums:
Then we wandered off as lovers in a sort of figured maze,
And Arithmetic glowed fondly in Romance's rosy haze.
Every mem'ry now is numbered like a neat suburban door.
Will the vows of 21, dear, be fulfilled on 54? —*Sydney Bulletin.*

A SQUAD of recruits were getting rid of some ammunition on the range the other day, and the sergeant in charge began to use strong language as the firing proceeded and the target remained untouched.

"What! missed again?" he roared, as an unfortunate recruit cut up the dust for the seventh consecutive time. "I don't believe you could hit a furniture van."

"Oh, you needn't crow, sergeant," retorted the recruit; "you missed a train yesterday."—*Tit-Bits.*

MEDICAL OFFICER to private, reporting sick: "What, here again, Clark. Well, what's amiss this time, eh?"

Private Clark: "Burnt feet, sir."

M.O.: "Burnt feet? How the deuce did you get your feet burnt?"

Private Clark: "Through marching, sir."

M.O.: "Through marching! I never heard of such a thing. How did it happen?"

Private Clark: "The nails of my boots got red hot, sir."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

CAPTAIN SMILER had a decided partiality for the canteen wallah. One day an application reached him from the A.T.A., asking him to recommend a man whom he could guarantee to be a teetotaller, for staff billet under their auspices.

Back went his answer: "I am sorry; there is not a man in my company whom I could truthfully say is a teetotaller, but I am sending you one who may suit equally well—a tough old soldier; no canteen holds enough to make him drunk!"—*Weekly Telegraph.*

OFFICER (to boy of thirteen who, in his effort to get taken on as a bugler, has given his age as sixteen): "Do you know where boys go who tell lies?"

Applicant: "To the Front, sir."

my bits o' bawbees wi' me, I went an' bankit them this mornin', an' I'm no takin' ma best oilskins or my new sea boots."

First Skipper: "Oh, you're a' richt, then. Ye'll hae practically naethin' tae lose but yer life."

REAL HARD LUCK.

He was a Canadian and he wore a corporal's stripes. There he sat snugly in a sheltered part of his trench in that little corner of Belgium and played poker with a quartette of his comrades. Luck was against him. He had lost about everything he had to lose, when at the very height of the game—just after the dealer had done his best and worst—a shell came through the roof of the shelter, passed between the Canadian's long, lean legs (luckily without hitting him) and buried itself harmlessly in the soft earth. The others of the party leapt up in not inexcusable haste and fled from the place, but the Canadian did not move.

The disturbance brought the company commander on the run.

"What's up?" says he.

"Well, sir," says the Canadian, "that there shell drops in on us, and when it don't explode at once I judge it is pretty safe not to go off at all. So I just sit where I am. The curst luck of it is that I've been playin' away here all mornin' drawin' rotten cards and losin' my shirt, and here just as I holds the first four of a kind—and kings at that, sir—at that identical moment there comes this pifflin' German turnip and the other fellows beats it."—*London Opinion.*

Scene: A training camp somewhere in England. All surrounding stations are out of bounds to the troops.

Officer: "Private Robinson, you must dig down another four inches."

Private Robinson: "Right, sir; but I was thinking if I went any deeper, I would soon be out of bounds."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

TIPPERARY A LA FRANCAISE.

French soldiers on the march are growing quite as fond of "Tipperary" as our own men. Here is the chorus of the popular song in French:

"C'est très loin jusqu'à Tipperary,
Très loin jusque là;
C'est très loin jusqu'à Tipperary,
Loin de mon amour là-bas!
Au revoir, Piccadilly;
Adieu, Leicester Square,
C'est bien loin, très loin vers Tipperary,
A mon coeur si cher!"

First German (studying the map of England): "I've found out why the petticoat regiments are rigged out like that."

Second German: "Oh, you mean the half-men and half-women lot?"

First German (triumphantly): "Yes; they must be the natives of Middlesex."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

Several Jack Tars, being on leave, visited a circus and secured seats on the front row. During the performance a charming young lady lion-tamer in the lions' cage beckoned to a savage-looking lion, which came forward and took a piece of sugar from her mouth.

"Why, I could do that trick!" exclaimed one of the sailors, loudly.

"Oh," replied the fair one, turning round. "Could you really?"

"You bet your sweet life," said the sailor jauntily. "Just as well as the lion."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

An old reader thinks we should now repeat the following from one of our issues many years ago:

Englishman (in Germany, to police official who has arrested him): "Here, I say! What am I arrested for?"

Official: "*Lese-majeste*! I distinctly heard you say, 'The emperor is a confounded fool!'"

Englishman: "Well! How do you know which emperor I meant?

old man ; I know it. An' there's sure to be a bottle or two of Scotch ! "

He opened the box, gave one look at the contents, and collapsed in a heap.

"What is it ? " cried his comrades, pressing round.

"It's from old Aunt Mary," groaned the disappointed warrior. "Bandages an' ointment an' embrocation an' splints, an' a book on 'Ow to Be Your Own Surgin ! ' "—*Tit-Bits.*

Donald (after the altercation) : "Ah, Irish, ain't ye ? Well, the Irish always *were* a poor race ! "

Mick : "Poor ? Poor, ye measly beggar ? They *can* afford to wear breeches, anyway." — *London Opinion.*

The following is from New Zealand, where apparently, says the *Manchester Guardian,* "accidents happen in the best regulated" military camps :

"An officer attached to one of the reinforcement drafts was making his rounds, and asked if there were any complaints. An Aucklander stepped forward and declared that he had been supplied with a ginger-ale bottle that contained not ginger-ale, but benzine, and that he had drunk half the benzine unwittingly. "'All right,' replied the officer, 'you had better not smoke for a few days.' "

Officer (to new Servant) : "Well, Dooley, did you get those boots soled for me this morning ? "

Private Dooley (producing eighteenpence) : "Yes, sir, and a mighty fine bargain they've got, too, for this is all I could get for 'em."

At the beginning of the war two spinners enlisted, and last March saw them both in the trenches.

The first day one seemed to settle down wonderfully considering it was his first taste of warfare.

The officer commanding noticed this, and remarked to a corporal who happened to know him :

"I like the way that chap settles down to it ! "

"Oh," replied the corporal, "if you only knew that chap's missus you would perhaps realise how he appreciates a quiet day amongst the shells ! "—*Tit-Bits.*

Scene : Youthful second lieutenant trying on his new uniform, which has just arrived.

Mother : "I don't like all that decoration on the sleeve, dear. Couldn't you have it taken off ? "—*Punch.*

Lieutenant (after helping his C.O. through the morning's crime-sheets) : "There's one thing I couldn't understand, sir. Whenever you sentenced a prisoner, and said 'Three days ! ' or 'Four days ! ' you always immediately after added, 'and you ! ' Why do you always say 'and you ? ' "

Major : "Well, you see, my boy, when I salt a man, he's wild, and says to himself, '—— you,' meaning me, and so I always say 'and you ! ' to get back at him in advance. See ? "

Our boys in France are becoming quite familiar with the language. In some cases, it is to be feared, their familiarity with it breeds contempt. The Highlanders—from their youth up accustomed to strange dialects—sing the songs of their native land done into colloquial French. This, for example, is how they have traduced the opening line of "Willie brewed a peck o' malt."

"O ! Willie a brassé un demi-boisson de malt."—*Sporting Times.*

Sergeant (to squad of recruits) : "Eyes right ! Eyes right ! Number Four, eyes right ! "

Number Four : "Sure ! Had 'em tested by the travellin' optimist at Burraboo ! "—*Sydney Bulletin.*

A WARRIOR OF TO-DAY.

THE methods of warfare have changed enormously in the past year. The sword, for example, has almost disappeared from war.

A story comes from the Argonne about a French chasseur who took a German officer prisoner. The chasseur, a boy, said to the officer: "Give up your sword!"

But the officer shook his head and answered:

"I have no sword to give up. But won't my vitriol spray, my oil projector, or my gas-cylinder do as well?"—*London Opinion.*

PART of an Irish regiment at the Front were manning a trench within a hundred yards of the German trenches. Notwithstanding their critical position, jokes were being freely exchanged, when a Jack Johnson shell exploded close by, burying one of their number in loose earth. The others made all haste to rescue him and called to him to cheer up, as he would soon be free.

"Are you all right, Pat?" they inquired anxiously.

"Yes, but for Hivin's sake get me out at wanst."

"We'll do that in nixt to no time, for Clancy is helping, and you know what he is."

"Sure, I do that. But ask him to step off the ruins. I've enough on top of me widout him." —*Weekly Telegraph.*

SMITH: "Who is that fellow who seems so awfully popular?"

Jones: "Why, surely you must have heard of Lieutenant Dash, V.C., the man who shot fifty-nine Germans, saved the life of his colonel, and, in fact, has done all the most thrilling deeds imaginable?"

Smith (greatly impressed): "Good gracious! And you don't mean to say that that's really he?"

Jones: "Oh, no, this is Jimson, who claims to have gone to the same school some years ago."—*Tit-Bits.*

THERE's a story going the rounds just now that shows how Austria was deprived of one of her fighting men.

A visitor to a West-end restaurant in London, being waited on by a particularly tall and fine-looking waiter with a foreign accent, asked the man his nationality.

"Oh, I'm a Hungarian," was the reply.

"How comes it, then, that a big strong fellow like you is not in the firing line?" asked the visitor.

"Well, sir, it's like this," replied the knight of the napkin, pointing to a brother waiter a few tables off. "You see that man? Well, he's a Serb, and we have what you call 'paired.'—*Tit-Bits.*

Two Tommies were strolling idly along the street when they chanced to gaze into an attractive shop window.

Being soldiers, they both had an eye for a pretty girl, and there within the shop was a real winner.

"Sandy," whispered Mike, "shure, she's just the fairest colleen my eyes hiv ivir rested on. It's mysilf that'll go in and buy something, an' perhaps she will have a smile for me."

His companion came from "ayont the Tweed," as his answer proved.

"I'll gang wi' ye," he said. "But, hoots, mon, ye neednae spend a bawbee. A' ye hev tae dae is tae ask her fur change o' a shullin'!"—*Answers.*

THE mails from home had just been received by a certain regiment. Not only were there letters, but many parcels from relatives and friends at home for lucky soldiers. One of the Tommies received a large box addressed to himself, and with a triumphant yell he rushed off to his company's lines and gathered them round him to share in the eagerly-anticipated contents of his box.

"Smokes, lads!" he cried as he undid the wrapping. "From the

stance of German efficiency he had just witnessed, the tourist returned to the village and set the engine of his car going. But he couldn't use it. The axle was missing.—*Tit-Bits.*

Officer (after explaining various parts of the rifle): "Now, what is the sear?"

Recruit (who has been inattentive): "This 'ere wot, sir?"—*Bystander.*

Our soldiers have been putting in some pretty hard work with the spade, as the miles and miles of trenches in France and Belgium testify. But it certainly was not so bad as Private Pottem tried to make out.

He had just arrived at the Front, and was helping to dig a reserve trench, when he suddenly laid down his spade and started to light a cigarette.

"Hi, there, Potty!" yelled the sergeant, angrily, "wha——"

"Pottem, sergeant, Pottem," murmured that worthy, calmly striking a match.

"Potty!" repeated the sergeant, brutally, "what did you put down that spade for?"

"To cool it, sergeant," replied Private Pottem without a blush, as he puffed away contentedly.—*Tit-Bits.*

The following story is told by a Scots officer now on leave:

"It was at the time of the big show at Ypres in October when the Prussian Guards almost broke through our lines. When at last they were brought up and began to retreat, my friend was in the counter-charge. He found his revolver empty, and snatched up a rifle with a bayonet and rushed on with his men. He remembered clearly charging a big Prussian who put up his hands. The Scotsman swerved; but as he passed he saw with the corner of his eye one of the Prussian's hands coming down to his pocket, so he swung round and ran him through and then rushed on.

"As he ran he found himself thinking that he had done wrong; perhaps the man meant nothing, perhaps his hand was hit by a bullet—there might be scores of explanations. He described the thought as running round and round in his head. 'I shouldn't have done that. It was a sin.' And all this time he was killing other Prussians and fighting all he knew. He was very unhappy.

"When the charge pulled up he could not do anything but go back and search for the big Prussian to ease his torment of mind. He found him at last with his hand in his pocket, in which was the revolver. Then he felt at peace, and his Scot's conscience was silenced."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

Although he had enlisted as a private, Fitzgerald was never tired of boasting to his comrades in arms that he had come from a wealthy home and knew something.

One day, when the battalion was on parade, a sergeant called out:

"Any man here who understands motors, step forward three paces."

Now was Fitzgerald's opportunity. To be promoted from the ranks was his heart's desire, and scarcely had the request been made than he was confronting the flabbergasted sergeant.

"Well—er—my guv'nor and I had a couple of Daimler cars, one a—er—sixty horse power machine, the other an eighty, with an average mileage——"

"That's all right," interrupted the sergeant, "you'll do. Go to the garage and give the colonel's motor-bike a good clean.'—*Tit-Bits.*

The soldier was telling the workman about a battle that he had once been in that had lasted from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night. His description

A KILTED regiment, while on the march through a part of Scotland, halted for a Sunday's rest at one of the remote villages in the Highlands, where some of the braw laddies were billeted on the inhabitants. One old lady had to find a lodging for two of the soldiers, Sandy and Tam, and she was delighted to know they were going to kirk in the evening, she herself being unable to go. Her pleasure was increased when one of her guests, who happened to be an accomplished shorthand writer, promised to tell her all the minister said in his sermon, though she had her doubts as to how he would be able to remember it all.

Sandy and Tam came back from church and the former read the sermon out from his note-book, to the admiration and astonishment of his landlady, who had never heard of shorthand and had no idea how anyone could write as fast as the minister spoke. When Sandy had finished and the good lady had expressed her thanks for the privilege of hearing the sermon, she asked him to let her look at the book he had been reading from. She seemed much disappointed, however, because she could make nothing of it. At length, after a close inspection of the mystic signs, she said to the blushing warrior :

"Ye're a grand laddie, and a verra gude reader, but I must tell ye, and if I was your ain mither I wad hae to admit, ye're the verra wurrst writer I ever came across."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

ART AND NATURE.

SOONER or later, more or less,
In every printed page I scan
Crops up that sadly-sweated phrase :
"A soldier and a man."

And yet, whenever I observe,
With careful eye, the giddy whirl,
I see about on every side
A soldier and a girl.

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

MANY years ago two sailors were one Sunday sitting in the gallery of an old country church, paying very great attention to the service. During the sermon one of them heard a distinct sound of snoring come up from the body of the church and, looking down, he saw a fat old farmer fast asleep, his head thrown well back and his mouth wide open.

The temptation was too strong for Jack, who, making up a plug of tobacco, shut one eye and, glancing along an imaginary plumb-line, dropped it into the old man's mouth, causing the old fellow to close it with a snap and jump to his feet, spluttering and spitting, with a face almost purple. Confusion reigned supreme, and Jack's chum innocently asked :

"What's up, Jack ? Man overboard ?"

"No," said Jack, with suppressed laughter ; "I dropped a bit of baccy plumb down the main hatchway and into his old grog-tub !"—*Tit-Bits.*

GENIAL CLERGYMAN : "But if you do not belong to the Royal Field Artillery, my boy, what is the meaning of 'R.F.A.' on your shoulder ?"

Urchin : "'Ready for anyfink,' sir."

AN American attended the army manoeuvres in Germany just before the outbreak of war. He was especially impressed with the German motor ambulances. As the tourist watched the manoeuvres from a seat under a tree, the axle of one of the motor ambulances broke. Instantly the man leapt out, ran into the village, returned in a jiffy with a new axle, fixed it in place with wonderful skill and restarted his journey.

"There's efficiency for you," said the American, admiringly. "There's German efficiency for you. No matter what breaks, there's always a stock at hand from which to supply the needed part."

And, praising the remarkable in-

and retired for a rest, when by surprise the Germans came on them and they rushed out and fighting took place.

After they had been fighting a good while, the sergeant ran into the tent, and to his surprise found Pat lying fast asleep. He gave him a kick and shouted :

"Look here, my man, do you call yourself a soldier ? Do you know we are fighting three to one out here ?"

Then up jumped Pat, grabbed his rifle, rushed out into the fighting, and about five minutes later was back again lying in his tent, when in came the sergeant again and shouted :

"Look here, my man, what did I tell you ?"

"Sure, sir," said Pat, "you told me we were fighting three to one. Well, sir, I've just killed my three ; let everyone kill theirs."—*Tit-Bits.*

While a sergeant of the —— regiment was engaged with a company of National Reservists a short time ago in physical drill, a drill that demands, to say the least of it, a small amount of agility, a private, who looked as if he had been younger in his days, complained to the non-commissioned officer in charge that he was too old for that sort of practice.

"How old are you ?" said the instructor.

"Forty-three," said the private.

"Why !" exclaimed the instructor, "the Romans used to do this sort of thing at the age of sixty."

"That may be," said the private, "but I'm not a Roman, I'm a Wesleyan."—*Tit-Bits.*

The following incident, which happened at Gallipoli about three months ago, shows that the unconscious humorist is not always an Irishman.

A party of men out of a famous Scotch regiment were coming down the Krithia Gully to the trenches. They had been under a fierce rifle and machine-gun fire, when one of the privates in the party turned roun and shouted :

"Look out, mon, keep your heid low ; Jock's been shot in the foot."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

"Just from Ireland, are you ?" observed a friend to a Tommy recently at L——. "And were you trained across the water ?"

"No, ma'am, I was shipped across," was his reply.

Tommy (wishing to buy present to send home) : "Er—er—Hang it all, Bill, what's the French for 'eau do Cologne ?'"

On Saturday a crowd of children were playing war in the back yard. Some were English soldiers, some French, some German. One little girl, who was told she was too small to play, began crying audibly, and kept it up in spite of all they could do, and even after the warning : "If you don't shut up mother will hear you and make you come in the house."

Finally the difficulty was settled by a bright boy of ten.

"Oh, let her bawl," he counselled. "She can be the widows and orphans."—*London Opinion.*

Bud : "I see the Germans are spelling culture with a 'k.'"

Weiser : "What's the answer ?"

Bud : "England has control of the sea !"

One of the recruiting canvassers under Lord Derby's scheme in a provincial town was a well-known local magistrate. In most cases he succeeded in obtaining the promises he wished, but at last he knocked at one cottage door, which was opened to him by a sturdy son of the soil.

"My man," said the magistrate, in his most persuasive tones, "are you willing to fight for your King and country ?"

"Naw, I beean't, zur," was the

prompt reply. "An' I be zurprized at you askin' me for to do it. Two years ago come next month, you yourself voined Oi twinty shillin's vor voighting wi' Bill Smith, and yoi zaid as it wer wicked to voight, an' Oi promized you as Oi wouldn't repeat the offence, and Oi allus keeps me word."—*Answers.*

A LOCAL Territorial was placed on guard for the first time. About midnight he observed a shadowy form approaching from the distance. Fulfilling his duty, he immediately presents and shouts :

"Halt ! Who goes there ?"

A somewhat husky voice replies : "Shut up ! ain't going, I'm coming back !"

SOME recruits were being put through a riding test. One man there was who didn't know much about horses, but who trusted to luck to get through.

He had not fixed the saddle properly, however, and when he mounted he swung right under the horse's body, where he remained suspended for a second or two.

"Hi, there !" yelled the sergeant in derision, "call that riding, do you ?"

"Oh, no, sergeant," was the reply, "that's a new trick for the Dardanelles. Riding that way keeps you protected from the sun."

AN officer, seeking places to billet his men, called at a wealthy lady's house and inquired if she could take in two recruits.

"Certainly not !" replied the lady. Then, after a moment's thought, she added, "But there's a nice dry shed at the end of the garden."

The officer, accustomed to this kind of reply, asked to be allowed to look over the house. Seeing the dining-room, he remarked :

"Nice room, this."

The lady agreed it was a nice room.

"Well," said the officer, calmly, "have it ready for four of my men on Monday."

"But it's impossible !" shrieked the lady. "The room's full of costly furniture. Where shall I put it ?"

After gazing out of the window, the officer replied :

"Well, you know, there's a nice dry shed at the other end of the garden."—*Tit-Bits.*

SUCH IS FAME !

IN spite of his advanced age, that wonderful veteran, Sir Evelyn Wood, manages by his energy and enthusiasm to show a patriotic example that has done not a little to stimulate recruiting.

During his long career in the Army, Sir Evelyn has had many amusing experiences, and he himself relates the following against himself.

The famous soldier, like the late Lord Roberts, is noted for his short stature, and when he returned home from Egypt, an entertainment was given in his honour at his home in Norfolk. A big crowd of people had assembled to welcome him, and among them was an agricultural labourer's wife who was very anxious to see the popular hero.

"Which is 'im ? Which is 'im ?" she kept on asking, and at last, when Sir Evelyn came in sight, a bystander pointed him out to her.

"What ?" she exclaimed in tones of deep disgust. "That little man Sir Evelyn Wood ? Why, even my old man could thrash him !"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"FOR gracious sake, Garge, look thur !" (pointing to a man playing a trombone).

"What's the matter ?"

"Look thur ! He's done it again ! He shoved mor'n half that 'ere horn down his throat ! Well, if that don't beat the world !"

MCFINGLE : "Blowhard must have been a brave soldier, to judge from his

own words. He says that in every battle he was where the bullets were thickest."

McFangle: "So he was. He drove an ammunition waggon."

As is natural, "Service yarns" have been flying round the clubs and all over the place ever since the war began. Few living soldiers have a more amusing stock of such than that grand old man of the Army, General Sir Dighton Probyn, who is such a great friend of our Royal Family.

One of Sir Dighton's best tales is about an Irish sergeant who flew into a temper with a raw recruit.

"How dare yez come on parade," he shouted, "before a respictible man like mesilf smothered from head to foot in grease and pipeclay? Answer me when I spake to yez!"

The frightened recruit was about to invent some excuse, when the sergeant cut him short.

"Dare yez to answer me when I puts a question to yez. Hould yer lying tongue and open yer face at yer peril! Tell me, now, what have yez been doing wid yer uniform and arms and kit? Not a word, or I'll clap yez in the guard-room. When I axes yez anything an' yez spakes, I'll have yez tried for insolence to yer shuperior officer, but if yez don't answer wen I question yez, I'll have yez punished for disobedience of orders! So, be jabers, yez see, I'll have yez both ways."—*Answers.*

Owing to the shortage of nickel, Germany is going to cast her small change in iron. Thus does careful Germany find a use for all the iron crosses.

Wife: "I wonder what they will do with the Kaiser when the war is over?"

Sailor: "Give him a job."

Wife: "What sort of a job?"

Sailor: "A diver's job?"

Wife: "What for?"

Sailor: "So he can inspect his fleet now and again."

The Grand Admiral's favourite song is:

"Whisker and I shall hear"—set to "Sea miner."

Upon the wall of a cottage in the Eastern Counties in which a number of soldiers were billeted hung an ancient clock which bore the legend "Tempus Fugit" upon its dial. One of the "Tommies," after gazing earnestly at the timepiece for some minutes, slowly began to spell the words, "T-e-m-p-u-s F-u-g-i-t." "Why, missus," exclaimed he, with the air of one announcing a most interesting discovery, "that's the same man as made our clock at home!"

A Zeppelin coming over to bomb London had got into difficulties among the stars. Something apparently was wrong with the engine, for the customary speed of the airship had suddenly and considerably slackened.

"Good heavens!" cried the skipper. "We shall be half a second late! What makes her go so slow?"

"Why, sir?" replied the engineer, "we're passin' through the Milky Way, an' the propeller's full o' butter!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

A Territorial sentry was brought before the commanding officer for being asleep at his post. The officer was very severe and stern.

"In war time," he said, "you would have been shot for this offence. This is not war; nevertheless, you will have to pay a fine of threepence."—*Week End.*

A private went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two-weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate

to use a subterfuge in evading the granting of one.

"Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two-weeks' furlough for?"

Patrick answered:

"Me woife is very sick, and the children are not well, and, if ye didn't moind, she would loike to have me home fer a few weeks to give her a bit ov assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few minutes, and said:

"Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she didn't want you home; that you were a nuisance whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it! Oi suppose Oi can't get the furlough then?" said Pat.

"No. I'm afraid not, Patrick."

It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"Colonel, can I say somethin' to yez?"

"Certainly, Patrick; what is it?"

"You won't get mad, colonel, if Oi say it, will yez?"

"Certainly not, Patrick. What is it?"

"Oi want to say there are two splendid liars in this room. Oi'm one and ye're another. Oi was never married in me loife."

A PEACE crank, with unkempt hair and a dirty collar, was haranguing a crowd in the park. At the end of his treasonable platitudes, he exclaimed:

"And, now, would anyone here like to ask me a question?"

"Yaas," shouted the New Recruit, who had been listening with disgust.

"Speak up, then," shouted the ranter; and in loud enough tones came the query:

"'Ow long is it since you 'ad a barf?"

Then the proceedings abruptly terminated.—*Town Topics.*

THE *Manchester Guardian* had this note:

A hero of Anzac who is not mentioned in any despatches, but who figures frequently in the home letters of Australasian survivors of the early, fateful days after the landing, is a certain stretcher-bearer.

His real name was Simpson, but for some unaccountable reason he got to be known as "Murphy."

Many an Australian lives to bless "Murphy's mules." There were so many wounded to be fetched into safety that "Murphy" commandeered a pair of mules, and officers connived at the theft when they found what noble work he was doing.

He used to leave the animals just under the brow of "Braund's Hill" and dash forward himself into the firing line to save the wounded. "Murphy's voice near them sounded like a voice from Heaven." Day after day he climbed the hill, smiling and cheery.

But one day "Murphy's mules" came not. The wounded cried out to the over-worked stretcher-bearers, "For God's sake send Murphy's mules!"

The mules were found grazing contentedly in Shrapnel Valley—and Murphy?

He had done his last climb to the top of the hill.

"Where is Murphy?" asked one of the 1st Battalion.

"Murphy is at Heaven's gate," answered a sergeant, "helping the soldiers through."

COLONEL: "Have you seen anything suspicious, sentry?"

Sentry: "Yes, sir. Seen a dead horse carted into camp, an' I'm wondering wot sorter joint we'll get tomorror."

THE old reservist sergeant was out with the new squad of recruits on musketry exercise, range finding, etc. Pointing out a large house, and

giving the range, he asked if any of them could pick out any details about the house.

"Yes," answered one, glibly. "There is a small well in the garden, some lumps of coal in a heap, and a birdcage in the front window."

"Well, my lad," said the sergeant, "you have remarkable eyesight. What's your name and number? How is it you can see so well at that distance?"

"Oh! replied the recruit, "that's where I'm billeted, sergeant!"—*Tit-Bits.*

THE recruiting officer held a card up in his hand which had some spots on it and said:

"How many spots are there on this card?"

The lad: "Seven."

"Bad guess for ten," replied the officer; "try again."

"Ten," says the lad.

Officer: "You'll pass!"

RECRUITING OFFICER: "And now, my lad just one more question—are you prepared to die for your country?"

Recruit: "No, I ain't! That ain't wot I'm j'ining for. I want to make a few of them German Huns die for theirs!"

"IN Belgium," said War Correspondent Will Irwin, "I know an artillery blacksmith who carried on the sleeve of his uniform the hammer and pincers—the insignia of his calling."

"Wot's them things on your sleeve mean?" a civilian asked him one day.

"'They mean I'm an army dentist,' he said, with a wink at me.

"'Dentist, eh?' said the civilian. 'The pinchers, then, are to pull the teeth out with. But the hammer—wot's the hammer fur?'

"'The hammer,' said the blacksmith, 'is for use in bad cases to chloroform the patien s.'"

"ANYHOW, there's one advantage in having a wooden leg," said the wounded sailor.

"What's that?" asked his friend.

"You can hold your socks up with tin-tacks."

MAISIE: "What is the seat of war?"

Pansy: "That must be the place where the standing army sits down."

A PUZZLER.

AN old lady who lived alone outside a small village was nervous of Zeppelins, so she made careful inquiries as to her best course.

"I don't think there's much to worry about," replied the vicar, in answer to her questions. "But, if you like, you can do as some folk are doing—sleep in the cellar."

With profuse thanks, the old lady went off to alter her domestic arrangements. But in half an hour she was back again, anxiety once more wrinkling her brow.

"The cellar's all right for Zeppelins, sir," she said; "but suppose one o' them there submarines comes instead?"

PATRIOTISM ran high in the mean little slum street, and miniature battles raged in the gutter.

"'Ere, my brother's bin and gone and joined the Terrors!" yelled an excited youngster, bursting with the news. "I jus' seen 'im march by wiv' 'em all!"

"Rats! 'E don't know nothink about sojering!" jeered one of the listeners.

"Don't 'e, though!" blazed the nipper. "All of 'em was out o' step just now 'cept our Bill, an' chance it!"

"'Tain't nothink!" retorted the head of the little gang, who saw his laurels slipping away. "Wot about when our 'Arry went to the Boer War? Just afore the enemy came up the captain shouted out: 'Is 'Arry 'All in the ranks?' Somebody

yells out, 'Yes!' 'Right-ho!' says the captain. 'Then let the battle start!'"—*The Penny Magazine.*

"TELL me," inquired the sweet young thing in white, "what happens when your engine stops in the air? Can't you come down?"

"That's just the trouble," sighed the mechanic, mastered by his sense of the ridiculous. "D'you know there are a dozen or so airmen now stranded above France. Their engines have stopped; they can't get down and are starving to death!"

Later she learned the truth. So ended what might have been a romance.—*The Penny Magazine.*

THE drill sergeant was rapidly getting to the fed-up stage. The recruits he was trying to whip into shape were the last word in "awkward squads."

"When I say ''Shun'" he explained huskily, "pull yourselves together and throw your chest out. 'Shun!"

The row wavered and trembled, and then disentangled their backbones a bit. But he wasn't satisfied.

"Oh, look here," he yelled, in desperation, "I told you to stand as straight as if you had swallowed a ramrod; and there you all go and look as if you'd dined off hockey-sticks!"—*Tit-Bits.*

LA GLOIRE DE LA GUERRE.

A TRENCH.
A stench.
Some scraps of French.
Some horrible German vapours;
A shell,
A yell—
No more to tell,
Bar a paragraph in the papers!
—*Tit-Bits.*

RECRUITING SERGEANT (to possible recruit): "Have you ever done any drilling?"

Mr. Giles: "Yaas, zur; acres of it."—*Tit-Bits.*

PRIVATE DULLSKULL: "Oh, sergeant, I've 'urt my 'and; got a splinter in it!"

Sergeant: "What have you been doing? Rubbing your head!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

A YOUNG fellow being asked by a recruiting sergeant if he wished to enlist in the Army, replied:

"Not likely; I'd rather go to a lunatic asylum than enlist."

"Ah! well," said the sergeant, "I've no doubt you'd feel more at home there!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

WHAT know they of Australia who only England know?

An Australian private was stopped in the Strand by a beaming busybody who asked what was the furry decoration in his wide-brimmed hat.

"Wallaby-skin," replied the Anzac.

"I thought you usually had kangaroo feathers," said the Londoner.—*Evening News.*

THE khaki-clad recruit applied to the regimental vet. for a prescription for his mount, which was ailing. Two hours afterwards the recruit ran into the vet.'s little office with face white as chalk.

"Oh, doctor, I am bad; the powder's nearly killed me!"

"The powder?" asked the doctor. "Why, didn't I tell you to place it in a tube and put one end in the horse's mouth and then blow hard? I didn't tell you to take it?"

"Well, doctor," replied the victim, "I did put the powder in the tube, and then placed one end in its mouth and one in mine."

"Well?"

"The blooming horse blowed first, sir!"—*Tit-Bits.*

AT a banquet for convalescent men:

Waiter (to Jack Tar): "Dessert, sir?"

Sailor: "Desert? Not me! Not while I get gru b like this!"

SOME of the amateur nurses have come to be known as the "Wash and Kiss Brigade."

Private Atkins (in hospital): "Glad to see you, nurse; but seein' as I've had my face washed four times a'ready, p'raps you'll give me the kiss without the wash!"

SIR F. E. SMITH tells an amusing story concerning a dinner given by a captain to the men under him before they left for the front.

"Now, boys," said the captain, before the meal had commenced, "treat this dinner as you will the enemy."

This invitation to the "attack" was answered with a will, and the "Tommies" thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

After the dinner was over, however, the captain found one of the men hastily stowing away bottles of champagne in a bag.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded, highly annoyed.

"I am only obeying orders, sir," replied the soldier.

"Obeying orders!" shouted the captain. "What do you mean?"

"Well," answered the "Tommy," with an injured air, "you told us to treat the dinner like the enemy, sir, and when we meet the enemy, sir, those we don't kill we take prisoners."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

THE alien enemies interned at a certain camp often play jokes on farm labourers who pass their barbed wire entanglements.

The other morning a specially stalwart ploughman passed along the road, and one German, thinking to have a laugh at him, shouted out:

"Kitchener vants you! Kitchener vants you!"

"What's that?" asked the countryman, turning in surprise.

"Kitchener vants you!" said the German again, in great glee.

"Does he? Well, anyway, he's jolly well got you," replied the countryman with a grin.—*Tit-Bits.*

A HAPPY sailor and his lass sat in the gallery of a music-hall at Southampton, happy because they were just betrothed.

"I am all-in-all to you," the girl said, "and you are all-in-all to me. Will it be always so, Bill?"

"Yes," said Bill, "all my life, from now till the second o' July, and from the fifteenth of October till—till death. In the time between the dates mentioned I shall be yottin' in the Mediterranean!"—*Sporting Times.*

THE humours of the recruiting office are in evidence, as well as its hardships. The other day, "somewhere in the North," a man presented himself for attestation. Asked to read the card for the eyesight test, he said he could not see the top letter, about three inches deep. The doctor sent an orderly for a dinner-plate from the mess. It was brought and placed on the floor. The doctor said:

"Can you see that?"

The man bent down and replied: "Yes."

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

Bending down within three feet of the floor the intending recruit answered:

"It looks like a threepenny-piece!"—*Tit-Bits.*

OUT at the Front, "somewhere in France," two regiments were returning to the trenches when they chanced to meet. At once there was the usual exchange of wit.

"When's this bloomin' war goin' to finish?" asked one North-country lad.

"Dunno," replied one of the South-shires. "We've planted some daffodils in front of our trench."

"Giddy optimists!" snorted the man from the North. "We've planted acorns!"

He had been over to Boulogne on semi-military duty, taking tinned milk to the hospitals, or something equally exciting. When he came back to England by the next boat, he didn't forget that he had been within a hundred miles of the enemy. He feigned deafness, and his excuse for not hearing anything until it had been said to him at least twice was:

"I'm afraid the roar of those dreadful guns has made me quite deaf."—*Town Topics.*

Tramp: "Please, mum, I'm a Belgian refugee."

Lady: "Are you? Mention a town in Belgium."

Tramp (cogitating a moment): "I would, mum, but they have all been destroyed."

O'Leary, V.C., is bright as well as brave. To a young fellow who begged him for one of his buttons as a keepsake, Michael said:

"Is it one button only you're wantin'? Sure, if ye'll cross the road a bit there's a fine-lookin' sergeant there who'll give you a coat full of buttons for the asking; and you'd look mighty fine in khaki, me lad."

The souvenir hunter disappeared.

On leaving the harbour the ship ran into a nasty, half-pitching, choppy sea, which was especially noticeable as the twenty-five passengers at the captain's table sat down to their Christmas dinner.

"I hope that all twenty-five of you will ever remember this Christmas Day," said the captain, as the roast beef and turkey appeared, "and that this little assembly of—of twenty-four will be more happy and prosperous during the coming year. I look upon these—er—twenty-two smiling faces as a father upon his family, for I am repsonsible for the safety of this little group of seventeen. I hope that all fourteen of you will join me in drinking to the coming year. I believe that we eight are most congenial, and I applaud the judgment which chose these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are——Here, steward, clear away those dishes and bring me in the pudding."—*Tit-Bits.*

To commemorate the "Sinking of the Four," the boys on H.M.S. *Undaunted* recently held a successful concert in the Undaunted Empire.

Mr. Gus Elen, the well-known comedian, has forwarded us a programme he has received from the ship. The success of the concert was due in a great part to Mr. Elen, who sent the sailors a lot of "props" and wigs.

The Kaiser's Moustache.

Gus Elen, in writing to the ship, requested the capture of the Kaiser's moustache. In a letter of thanks a a telegraphist wrote:—

"I wish I could send you the Kaiser's moustache, but I am afraid that if any of the boys get near enough to his Super-Satanic Majesty to catch hold of that article of adornment, so little of it would be left after a few had gratified a long-expressed desire to pull it out by the roots (only one of the tortures devised) that only a very powerful microscope could locate the fragments."

Referring to the concert, the writer says a handicap was the lack of an orchestra, the present band consisting of a banjo, mandoline and piccolo, also a collapsible harmonium. A band is being formed of four mandolines, one banjo, two piccolos, two concert flutes and a drum.

The programme included:

The Bad Girl of the Family.
E. D. Gilding
Presents for the first time on any stage his screaming burlesque, "The Tranker's Bust."

Ablett and Hardway,
Two men, two instruments=Music

The Red-Nosed Comet.
HALLY HAMPSON,
The man with the £1,000 voice.
Direct from Covent Garden
(Market), "Any Old Iron."

Musical Defector:
E. H. (as) Bean, M.R.Q.Z.X.
Stage decorations by signal staff.
Electrical lighting and defects by
Torpedo Staff.

The Chinese Magician,
CHIN GAR-GAR.

That d——d Yank,
BILLY G. WHIZ.
With more melodies gone mad.
ETC.

The "Sinking of the Four" refers to the action in which the *Undaunted*, accompanied by the Destroyers *Lance*, *Lennox*, *Legion* and *Loyal*, sank four German destroyers off the Dutch coast. The *Undaunted*, with the *Arethusa* and a Destroyer force, kept the Zeppelins at bay when, on Christmas Day, seven British seaplanes attacked Cuxhaven.—*The Star*.

GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT was talking about strategy.

"Too many strategists," he said, "jump at conclusions. They are too hasty. They begin a new movement before the old one is finished. Hence all manner of errors.

"These strategists are like the floor-walker whom a married man, having got separated from his wife in the crowd, approached and said:

"'Excuse me, but I've lost my wife——'

"'Coffins,' said the floor-walker, 'ninth floor back. Gent.'s mourning, eleventh floor front.'"

A HIGHLAND regiment were constructing field works on a very windy day. They worked in kilts. By-and-bye the General came along and asked the Colonel if he thought the officers and men were deriving much instruction from the work.

"I can only speak for myself," replied the Colonel, "and I know, though I have been some years in the regiment, I never saw so much of my men before."—*Sporting Times*.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO THE SAILOR!

Provided a man does the best that he can,
And isn't a loafer or shirker,
We'll give him the praise he deserves for his ways,
Whatever his job as a worker.
If you've courage and go, you can all make a show,
Be you tinker, or ploughboy or tailor,
But there's one you'll admit comes in first by a bit—
We take off our hats to the sailor!

In sport and in play we have long led the way,
To a Briton such things are inspiring,
And our lads at the Front bear the battle's worst brunt
And are e'er in the thick of the firing.
Tommy Atkins, brave boy, is our pride and our joy,
At fighting a regular nailer,
But he's got a fine mate, at least equally great—
We take off our hats to the sailor!

In commerce and trade a world's record we've made,
'Spite the pecks of the Kaiser's old vulture;
In science and art we have taken our part
And we don't grudge the German his "culture."
Our country is small—scarcely room for us all—
But you'll not find another that's haler,
And it's thanks to old Jack we're the ace of the pack—
So we take off our hats to the sailor!

Recruiting Sergeant (to youth anxious to join): "And what use do you think you would be at the Front?"

Youth: "Well, I'm a draper's assistant, and I think I should be useful in some of those 'counter-attacks.'"—*Weekly Telegraph.*

Overheard. Scene, somewhere in Bucks. Dramatis personae, Physical Exercise Sergeant and Squad of Recruits:

"Do you want me to put a pair of brains into yer?"

"Don't try to stand like Maud Allen."

"If ever yer gets to Fraunce the enemy will be innercent of yer blood."

"Now, 'op—right—left."

"Well, you are just about enough to send me 'opping to 'ell."

Grand finale: "Blanky awful. Stand at ease."—*Sporting Times.*

An Irish soldier had lost his left eye in action, but was allowed to remain in the service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place. Being a typical "absent-minded beggar," he appeared on parade one day minus the left "window."

Said the Adjutant: "Nolan, you are improperly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its proper place?"

Like a flash came the reply:

"Sure, sir, I left it in my box to keep an eye on my kit while I am on parade."—*Tit-Bits.*

One day the sergeant noticed that one of his men had been to the regimental barber and had come out minus his moustache.

He instantly made for him.

"Private Blobbs!" he roared, "who on earth gave yez permission to get that moustache off?"

"Nobody," answered Blobbs. "Only I thought it would improve my appearance."

"Improve your appearance!" bawled the irate sergeant, "wid a face like yours! Be my sowl, if yez don't hiv it on again at the afternoon parade to-day there'll be trouble."

Recruiting Sergeant (to lively young man): "Well, young man, is it not time you were in khaki?"

Young Man: "Yes, sir, I've been waiting to join until after Christmas."

Recruiting Sergeant: "Why after Christmas?"

Young Man: "I was in a sweets club."

The recruiting sergeant had spotted his man—a big, sturdy fellow lolling up against the shop front.

"Now, my lad," he said, "what about it?"

The reply was:

"Have you seen me walk?"

Suspecting an infirmity and unwilling to give offence, the sergeant answered:

"No."

"Then just watch me."

The sergeant did so very closely, and could not notice anything unusual in his gait. It was only when the figure suddenly disappeared around the corner of a side street that he realised he had been fooled.—*Weekly Telegraph.*

AMID THE FALLING SHELLS.

First Tommy: "Wot'cher lookin' so blue abaht, Bill?"

Second Tommy: "Jest got a letter from the missus, ter say 'er sister is puttin' up wiv 'er and as got the measles. It ain't 'arf a go, it ain't, wiv me goin' 'ome on leave to-morrer, and a dangerous trouble like that in the 'ouse!"—*London Opinion.*

Sir Archibald Hunter is a strict disciplinarian, and every man under him quickly learns to obey his orders to the letter, promptly, and without question.

During dinner one evening in Egypt, an orderly announced that

Mr. —— wished to speak to the general. Sir Archibald was annoyed at the interruption, and replied that he could see no one for the time being.

"What shall I do with him, then, sir?" asked the orderly, indiscreetly.

"Oh, knock him down!" answered the general impatiently, as he resumed his interrupted conversation with a distinguished guest, giving no further thought to the matter.

In about ten minutes the orderly returned and, saluting the general, said:

"I had a tough job, sir, but I knocked him down at the finish!"

To and fro marched the sentry before the gate of a certain field—so many paces this way, and then the same number the other.

A gentleman, almost as broad as he was long, approached the marching figure and addressed him as follows:

"I say, my man, can I go through here?"

The sentry paused in his perambulations to gaze at the ponderous figure of his questioner. Then he replied:

"Well, I don't exactly know, sir, but a cartload of hay managed to get through this morning!"—*Answers.*

"HAPPY AS A CANARY."

MAGISTRATE WISHES GOOD LUCK TO A CHEERFUL YORKSHIRE SOLDIER.

"Go back to your regiment and good luck to you," said the magistrate at Willesden in discharging Ernest Barker, of the South African Scottish, who was charged with being drunk.

The Magistrate: "Are you South African or Scottish?"

"Yorkshire—Halifax, and doing my little bit for Old England. I've been fighting fifteen months."

"And have you been injured?"

"No, I'm just as happy as a canary. This is my week's holiday. I came from Halifax yesterday, and fell off the 'bus in transit."

And Barker added:

"Just put me down as guilty, and say no more about it."

The Magistrate: "But we don't like to think of such a gallant man having a stain on his character."

Barker: "There's no stain on me, lad; I'm just as good as ever I was!"

IT was kit inspection, and the different companies were drawn up in lines, their kits displayed in front of them.

The sergeant-major's eagle eye at once spotted the absence of soap in the outfit of Private O'Grady, and the non-com. asked the reason of this.

"Plaze, sor, an' it's all used up," replied the private frankly.

"Used!" roared the S.M. angrily. "You mean to say you've used up all your soap, and you not three months in the ranks yet? Why, my man, my first cake of soap lasted me two years!"

Private O'Grady's face was quite straight, but his eyes twinkled as he replied:

"Sure, sor, but thin I wash ivery day!"—*Tit-Bits.*

TIM marketed for his mess during the war. Cracked eggs used to be sold for half-price at the canteen. Tim walked in one day with his market-basket and said:

"Gimme two dozen best cracked eggs."

"Cracked eggs all out, Tim," said the mess orderly.

Tim nodded toward the egg crate in the corner.

"Well, crack us some, will ye?" said he.—*London Opinion.*

MR. BILLY MERSON says in *Pearson's Weekly*:

"I heard a good anecdote from a training centre recently. An Irish recruit was being drilled in the mysteries of sword play.

"'Now!' cried the instructor,

after carefully explaining various rules of fence, 'what would you do if your opponent feinted ?'

"'Begorra, sir,' answered the Irishman, winking knowingly, 'I'd jest prod him wid the point o' me sword to see if he was shammin'.'"

THE drill-sergeant was real mustard and the recruits were having a bad time.

The weather had been very wet, and the parade ground was still slippery. In doing a movement smartly, as an example to his men, the sergeant slipped and fell full sprawl, and naturally the "rookies" could hardly repress their mirth.

Getting up with all the dignity he could muster, the sergeant's eye fell on Murphy's grinning face.

"Well, you grinning hyena!" he roared. "What's 'urting you? Do you see anything funny?"

"No, sur," gurgled Murphy, tactfully. "But, shure, Oi was just thinkin' what a laugh we cud have had if it had been anywan ilse save yersilf, sergeant!"—*Answers.*

OFFICER (to recruit who is learning trench-digging): "You're getting on very slowly with that trench, aren't you?"

Recruit: "Ground as 'ard as iron, sir!"

Officer: "Why don't you try blasting it?"

Recruit: "Been doing nothing else all the morning, sir!"—*Tit-Bits.*

A STORY of the trenches.

A Tommy in the front trench, under heavy fire, repeatedly rung up by a comrade in a back trench to know if all was right, at length vernacularly inquired why his pal took such interest in him. The answer came:

"'Cause I've drawn you in the sweepstake, and if you come out all right, I shall win eight bob."

Such is the sporting instinct of our troops "somewhere in France."—*Tit-Bits.*

WHEN young Jones heard the "call," and left his widowed mother alone, she was quite happy; she knew she would get some allowance from the Government to keep her going. But her boy told her that he would not make her any allotment from his pay; he would try to get to be an officer's servant; would thus make something in tips; and would send his mother ten shillings now and again without the bother of the usual sixpence per day allotment. His trusting mother received cheery letters from her boy, but, alas, never a postal order, but always excuses.

She thereupon decided to write to the Commanding Officer of her son's regiment, and the C.O. spoke to him.

"Now, Jones, I have heard from your mother, and you're not keeping your promise. Send her some money next week, or I'll have to see about stopping that sixpence per day for her."

Jones apologised.

"Yes, I know, sir, but we're at a seaside place, you know, sir, and money flies, but I'll send her something next week, sure, sir!"

The C.O. remembered this the week after when he came across Jones sitting at a desk in the recreation-room, and he again spoke to him.

"Now, Jones, sending your mother that letter and enclosure?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

The C.O. happened to glance at the letter Jones was just finishing, and had to leave the room very quickly when his eyes alighted upon the following words:

"Dear Mother,—I am enclosing you ten shillings, but not this week!—Your loving son, Johnny."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

JUST now, khaki hides all sorts of social ranks. Once in uniform titles and fortunes count as nothing.

Recently a private in Kitchener's Army was sitting in the park with his cousin, who happened to be a countess.

As they chatted, the private suddenly saw an officer approaching, accompanied by a smartly-dressed lady. Springing hastily to his feet, he stood stiffly at the saluto as his superior passed.

Then he resumed his seat and whispered in explanation to his cousin :

"One of our lieutenants !"

The lady had meanwhile recognised the officer's companion with a smiling nod. Then she turned to the private and remarked in amusement :

"One of my maids !"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

OFFICER : "Now this is a very exposed position. Point out any cover you can see."

Private : "Wot abaht old Bill, sir ?"

THEY were talking at a dinner about Germany.

"Germany," he said, "can't draw the line. She is excessive in everything. Everything with her is 'kolossal.' Her architecture is a mixture of the Assyrian and the Annamese. Her credit system is so complete that you can go to your German bank and mortgage your table linen. In warfare she uses poison gas and vitriol sprays, and commits the *Lusitania* murders.

"Germany can't draw the line. Why can't she draw the line ?"

The speaker paused, and a voice shouted :

"Because she's got such a rotten ruler !"—*London Opinion.*

AN Irishman was one day looking at the notice, "Your King and Country Need You."

A delicate-looking Englishman happened to be passing by, and thinking to have a joke at Pat's expense, started the following :

"Well, Pat, will you volunteer for the front ?"

"Begob, I will if you come."

"Why do you want me with you ?"

"Sure, whin the Koiser sees you he will look for peace. He'll think the British are risin' from the dead."

WHEN the officer of the day entered the guard-room he found it empty, save for a private, who, airily attired in his shirt sleeves, was lounging on a chair, puffing a short clay pipe.

"Where's the sergeant of the guard ?" demanded the officer, angrily.

"Gone across to the mess to have a drink, sir," replied the private, saluting smartly.

"And the sentries ?"

"In the canteen, sir."

"Then, confound it, what are you doing here ?"

"Me, sir ?" was the calm reply. "I'm the prisoner."

BADLY-WOUNDED TOMMY visits Hampstead Heath during convalescence. Addressing a lady on the same bench as himself, he remarks :

"I never remember such a quiet Bank Holiday, mum. Somehow, nothing's brought the war home to me more !"—*Punch.*

ORDERLY OFFICER : "Turn out the Guard !"

Sentry (formerly in commerce) : "Shop !"—*Punch.*

GLASGOW landladies are well-known for their economy at the expense of the lodger. Four "hefty" Glasgow Highlanders were billeted with one who was a super-economist, and whose business eye saw the advantage of doing away with as much butcher-meat as possible. Day after day there was served up to them at dinner-time a ghastly meal, the chief item of which was tea.

One day, however, it got unbearable.

"Ah," said the landlady, pointing to a tea leaf floating in one of the cups, "there's to be a visitor to-day!"

"Well, madam," said one of the hungry four, "let us hope to Heaven that it's the butcher."—*London Opinion.*

DOCTOR (to wounded officer): "How do you feel, captain, when you have killed a man?"

Captain: "Oh, all right! How do *you*?"—*Punch.*

OFFICER (somewhere in France): "I say, why are all those men rushing into that place?"

Private: "They're after Bombardier Fritz, sir."

Officer: "Who's Bombardier Fritz? Is he one of our men?"

Private: "He ain't a man, sir. He's fried potatoes! *Pommes de terre Frits*!"—*Punch.*

ON the occasion of Kitchener's visit to Manchester, the people were lined up waiting for the warrior's return to the station. Presently a tall young man came along and placed himself in front of the waiting crowd.

"Hi, there, move on," came a voice from the back.

"Oh, it's all right," jokingly replied the offender. "I'm a Territorial."

"Territorial, eh?" came the rejoinder. "Th'ad best move on before tha'rt a bloomin' casualty."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

"JUST one thing more happened to me as I wandered along. I met the smallest English Tommy I ever saw. and in front of him walked, as quiet as a lamb, a monster Bavarian with his hands above his head. I walked towards them, and this is the conversation I heard.

"I am tired of you, I shall have to shoot you or stick this through you. Which would you prefer?"

The Bavarian fell on his knees.

"Mercy, Kamerad! Oh, mercy, kamerad!" he cried.

"Hurry up and decide! I am missing all the fun! They want me up there!"

And the bantam pointed to Hill 70, where the firing was intense. Then they saw me.

"'Can you walk?' asked the man with the prisoner.

"I told him I could only hobble.

"'Can you carry a revolver?'

"'Yes, I think I can,' I said, 'but I am not sure.'

"'That's no good,' he said.

Then he turned to the Bavarian and told him to lie down. He began to tie him up. Just at that moment, a light ammunition wagon came into sight.

"The bantam called to it, handed us both over to the driver and ran as fast as he could back to Hill 70.

"He had been missing the fun too long."—*Daily Express.*

A YOUNG man had just enlisted and was being questioned by the recruiting officer with regard to particulars about himself that were necessary for the paying of separation allowance.

"Next of kin?" asked the officer, sharply.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Next of kin?" he repeated.

The youthful patriot then leant forward and whispered, quite confidentially:

"I've only got this shirt on, sir. My under-vest has gone to the wash!"

He thought the recruiting officer had said, "Next your skin!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

TOMMY (to enemy prisoner): "Wot we wants for the concert to-night is a reg'ler roaring comic. 'Ow's that ''Ymn of 'Ate' o' yours go? 'Um it."—*London Opinion.*

ANOTHER good story about Lord Kitchener concerns a visit he paid to some trenches that had been made by members of the new army "somewhere in England."

His lordship was conducted from point to point by the officer in charge, but he never said a word either of praise or of criticism.

His guide evidently considered that "K. of K." was satisfied with what he saw, for he looked very pleased with himself until Kitchener was getting into his car to return to London.

Then it was that the War Minister let fall his bombshell.

"Those trenches of yours," he said grimly, as he settled down on the motor seat, "wouldn't keep out the Salvation Army."—*Answers.*

NICOLAI VASSILIEFF, the fashionable Russian portrait painter, said of the fall of Warsaw :

"Let the Germans beware. They think that Russia is done for—that she is going to hand them a cake, as the saying is ; but the cake Russia will hand Germany will be like the one the tramp got.

"'That there lady,' growled the tramp, 'told me if I'd pump her tank full for her she'd give me a cake.'

"'Well ?' said the tramp's mate.

"'Well,' he hissed, 'she gave me a cake of soap !'"—*London Opinion.*

INSTRUCTING OFFICER (after particularly "gory" lesson on bayonet work) : "And now, has anyone any questions ?"

Recently-joined Subaltern : "Yes, sir. How does one transfer to the Army Service Corps ?"

LORD SELBORNE, who set a fine example to his country by putting three of his sons into the Army, is, curiously enough, known to the average man particularly in connection with the senior branch of the Service, the Navy.

When Lord Selborne was First Lord of the Admiralty, he met a young midshipman, to whom he was unknown, at a country-house party.

"And how do you like life in the Navy ?" asked the First Lord.

"Oh, pretty well," was the reply, "but I'd like to have the Board of Admiralty pigging it in the gun-room of the —— in a gale. It might teach them to build ships, not tubs !"

Over the middy's feelings when he found out who his friend was it were well to draw a veil.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

SCENE : In the trenches. Weary soldiers filling sandbags.

First W.S. : "I reckon this war must be over in six months at any rate."

Second W.S. : "'Ow the 'ell d'you make that out, chum !"

First W.S. : "Why, we shall 'av the 'ole of France in sandbags by then !"

SERGEANT : "Now then, how many times do you chaps want telling to put that light out !"

Voice from Tent : "It ain't a light, sergeant, it's the moon !"

Sergeant : "I don't care a tinker's clank blash what it is, put it out !"—*London Opinion.*

CAPTAIN : "Hullo, there, Murphy ! Why are you getting on so slowly with that dug-out ?"

Private : "Faith, captain, the roof in there is that low I've got to come outside and swing me pick, and then walk in and hit ut !"—*Punch.*

AN artilleryman in France recently wrote to his friends in England. Here is an amusing incident he describes :

"We travelled on and on for hours. At last we pulled up at a decent-sized station, and learning that we had one hour's stay there, we all tumbled out and watered and fed

the horses. We spotted a refreshment stall, and the boys made tracks for it. One chap, eager to show his newly-acquired command of the French language, said to the lady attendant :

" 'Avez-vous, le cafe, mademoiselle, s'il vous plait ? '

" She answered :

" ' Yes, sonny, in two ticks.'

" The supposed French lady was one of the English ladies who have volunteered to run these wayside buffets."—*Tit-Bits.*

Two sailors were arranging the meals for their mates.

" 'Ere, Bill ! " said one, " what'll we give 'em for afters to-morrow ! "

" Macaroni," replied his companion promptly.

So the first began to write laboriously :

" 8 lbs. m-a-c-k-i——"

" That's wrong," he said thoughtfully.

So he crossed it out and began again.

" 8 lbs. m-a-k-i——"

" 'Ere, mate," he said, " we'll give 'em tapioca."

" Right-ho ! " agreed his friend amiably.

" 8 lbs. t-a-b-i——" It didn't look right. So he crossed it out and wrote : " 8 lbs. t-a-p-e——"

After looking a moment at the sheet, he ran his pencil through it all and snorted :

" They'll 'ave to 'ave rice."

So he ordered :

" 8 lbs. r-i-s-e ! "

JELLICOE'S "AWFUL FIGHT."

In his delightful book, " A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections " (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.), Mr. Alfred Capper, the popular entertainer, relates that one of his most vivid as well as his most painful recollections is of " the awful fight " he had with Admiral Jellicoe when they were schoolfellows together at a small dame's school.

It appears that the Admiral accused Mr. Capper of unfairly possessing himself of certain very favourite marbles. From the fight which ensued " I was rescued," says Mr. Capper, " in the very nick of time — for he (Jellicoe) was as unconquerable a hero then as Von Tirpitz is finding out he is to-day—by the interposition of his brother, the new vicar of Alresford, who was also one of my schoolfellows in those sunny, far-off days, and dear old Miss Shapcott, our mistress. And I remember well that Jack Jellicoe and I had to stand back to back in opposite corners of the schoolroom with strict injunctions not to turn our heads towards one another. What a battle that was, and how heavy the hands, even at that tender age, and how rapid the blows of that redoubtable Admiral that was to be."—*Tit-Bits.*

" Aren't you soldiers inspired when you repeat your regimental mottoes ? " said a flapper to a Tommy the other day.

" P'raps," answered the Tommy ; " but we're more inspired when we fire off our regimental maxims ! " *Weekly Telegraph.*

A dejected Tommy was struggling in an unsuccessful attempt to clean his rifle. This is what he said :

" Well, of all the pullthroughs I ever pulled through, I never pulled a pullthrough through that pulled through like this pullthrough pulls through ! "

" I came across many notable instances of self-sacrificing patriotism," Bishop Weldon, who has just returned from the Front, told an interviewer. " Perhaps I may mention one or two cases among the Colonials. I met a Canadian who, I was told, was earning £3,000 a year at home and is now serving as attendant at a dining-hall in one of the camps. I also saw one who was a

rich rancher in Canada, and is now serving as a private soldier. The colonel of one regiment said he knew an Englishman who had been making £10,000 a year and is now serving as second lieutenant with the Army Service Corps.

"Perhaps the most curious instance I came across was that of a dentist who had given up a large and lucrative practice in Ottawa to do 'his bit' by coming over to France with two of his partners and four or five skilled workmen, and spending his time in attending to the soldiers' teeth. Each day some sixty men were treated, and at the time I was there I saw a dozen men going through various dental operations."

—*Tit-Bits.*

THE DRUM.

COME !
Says the drum,
Though graves be hollow,
Yet follow, follow :
Come !
Says the drum.

Life !
Shrills the fife,
Is in strife—
Leave love and wife :
Come !
Says the drum.

Ripe !
Screams the pipe,
Is the field ;
Swords and not sickles wield.
Come !
Says the drum.

The drum
Says come !
Though graves be hollow,
Yet follow, follow :
Come !
Says the drum.

—*Answers.*

FROM a soldier in Egypt :

"The first thing that struck me about Egypt was the luck of the married men. The fashions don't seem to have changed since the time of Pharaoh ; so the wives don't have to do much shopping. Also the gentlemen walk or ride donkeys while the ladies struggle on behind with baskets on their heads. This doesn't please the gallants of Australia, and they don't hesitate to advise the Egyptian chaps to 'Carry the lady's parcel,' 'Get work' or 'Be a sport.'"

—*London Opinion.*

VOLUNTEER : "I say, you boys, I can't find the battle I'm supposed to be in ! Do you think I might join yours ?"—*Punch.*

MAJOR : "Look here, see that Private Murphy doesn't get any meat to his dinner to-day."

Sergeant (saluting) : "Please, sir, that ain't any punishment for him ; he's a wegetarian."

Major : "Indeed ! Then see that he has two pounds of beef steak."

MOTHER : "Come along, Tony ; come downstairs—it's time for dinner."

Tony (who has closely studied the troops drilling in the Park, likewise the words of command given to the men) : "Why the blazes don't you say ''alt ?'"—*Punch.*

A MAN came to enlist in a cavalry regiment. The cavalry was at the time full up, but he was told he could go into the West Riding Regiment. He was quite content, until he found himself where they were training. Then he was disgusted at finding no horses. He wrote up to Headquarters saying that he had been misled ; he understood that the West Riding Regiment was a mounted one, but it was only on foot.

Another recruit who wished to join the Horse Transport was asked if he knew much about horses. He replied :

"Know much about them? I should think I did! Why, I backed two winners last week and two seconds this!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

"THE other day," says a writer in the *Queen*, "I found a New Zealand trooper wandering about in the corridors of the Law Courts, and I asked him if I could be of any use in showing him anything.

"'Well,' he said, "you see, in New Zealand we have heard a good deal about Judge Jeffreys and Mr. Justice D——, and I thought I would like to see them.'"

HUMOUR IN HOSPITAL.

SIR JAMES KINGSTON FOWLER, speaking at the opening of the winter session of the medical school at Middlesex Hospital, related some interesting stories of life in a military hospital.

It was, he said, almost a doctor's ideal to see plenty of empty beds, and in one case in France a medical director went around the hospital and saw a man who looked very well.

"How are you?" he asked.

"Quite well, thank you," replied the soldier.

"Well, would you like to go home?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right; I will have your boots fetched and will see how you get on."

"All right, sir, but you need only bring one, because I had a leg off the day before yesterday."

It was wonderful how cheerful the men were. Four he knew of had each lost his right leg, and they delighted in walking down a wooden passage banging their wooden legs on the floor and crying "Left!"—*Tit-Bits.*

SUDDENLY the engines stopped and the steamer remained motionless for several minutes. The passengers began to talk among themselves, and one of them, a portly, pompous person, advanced to the captain:

"What seems to be the trouble, captain?" he inquired. "Why have we stopped?"

"Too much fog," answered the captain, curtly.

"But I can see the stars overhead quite plainly," argued the persistent individual.

"Mebbe ye can," admitted the captain, grimly. "But unless the b'ilers bust, we ain't going that way!"

ORDERLY OFFICER: "Any prisoners?"

"Yes, sorr, one."

"What's he been up to?"

"Found poaching in the married lines, sorr!"

COUNT ZEPPELIN did not begin experimenting with airships until he was quite an old man, and it is some consolation to know that at first he failed so often that he lost his entire private fortune of £30,000. He was only able to continue his experiments by the aid of a huge public subscription of £275,000, and by a Government grant of £25,000. Although, of course, the Count deserves a pretty severe punishment, he has already been punished more than most people could stand, for the Kaiser has referred to him as "the greatest German alivo."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

CONGRATULATIONS have been pouring in upon Mr. Robert Loraine, the famous actor-airman, on his recent promotion to the rank of captain.

Captain Loraine has seen a good deal of soldiering, for he volunteered for service during the South African War. Of that period he tells a funny yarn against himself.

"As a soldier," he says, "I was a failure, so far as my relations were concerned. I didn't even get wounded. When I first got back, I simply beamed with pride to think

that I, a poor player, had the proud privilege of serving the Queen, shoulder to shoulder with Tommy Atkins—England's pride—for fourteen months. I felt my bronzed face was a criterion of my valour.

"But my complacency was terribly disturbed when one day, as I was sitting on a lounge at the Carlton, a friend strolled across to me and merely remarked:

"'Hullo, old man, you're looking very fit! Been down to Brighton?'" —*Answers.*

PRIVATE YEOMAN: "Wonder wots wrong with the bally 'oss? 'E went orf all right, an' now 'e won't move!"

Small Boy (pointing to the spurs): "Did yer touch 'im with them things?"

Private Yeoman: "Course I did. 'E——"

Small Boy (interrupting): "'E's punctured, guv'nor—that's what's wrong with 'im."—*Tit-Bits.*

HERE is an extract from a handyman's letter, sent to his mother from the Dardanelles:

"Mother, it is sometimes very hot out here when the shells are dropping all about you and the submarines are hovering round, and you may strike a mine at any minute. At first I was a bit seared, but I remembered the words of the chaplain last Sunday, when he said: 'Men, men, in times of trial and danger, look upwards.' I did look upwards, mother, and if there wasn't a blooming aeroplane dropping bombs on us!"—*Tit-Bits.*

"MY LITTLE WET HOME IN THE TRENCH."

A PARODY ON A WELL-KNOWN SONG.

WE have been favoured with the following lines from the trenches.

Rifleman G. Buswell, of Staines, now in France with the King's Royal Rifle Corps, sends them home and says the words are sung to the tune of "Little Grey Home in the West," and the song was made up by the "Boys."

We append the lines:

I've a little wet home in a trench
Where the rain storms continually drench,
There's the sky overhead,
Clay or mud for a bed,
And a stone which we use for a bench.
Bully beef and hard biscuits we chew,
It seems years since we tasted a stew,
Shells crackle and scare,
Yet no place can compare
With my little wet home in the trench.

Our friends in that trench o'er the way
Seem to know that we've come here to stay,
They shoot and they shout,
But they can't get us out,
Though there's no dirty trick they won't play.
They rushed us a few nights ago,
But we don't like intruders and hence
Some departed quite sore,
Others left evermore,
Near my little wet home in the trench.

So hurrah for the mud and clay
Which leads to Der Tag, that's the day
When we enter Berlin,
That city of sin,
And make the fat Berliner pay.
Yes, we'll think of the cold slush and stench
As we lay with the Belgians and French.
There'll be shed then, I fear,
Redder stuff than a tear
For my little wet home in the trench.

—*West Middlesex Times.*

A YOUNG officer at the Front wrote home to his father:

"Dear father,—Kindly send me

fifty pounds at once. Lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means."

The answer was as follows :

"My dear son,—As this is the fourth leg you have lost (according to your letters), you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try and hobble along on any others you may have left."

Captain Marston, 6th East Surreys, told some amusing recruiting stories at a Chertsey meeting.

An old man came to his office at Kingston and was asked his age.

"Thirty-nine," he replied.

"Sure ?" said Captain Marston.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Been in the Army before ?"

"No."

"Sure ?"

"Well, yes"—reluctantly.

"Got your discharges ?"

"No."

"Sure ?"

"Well, I left 'em at home."

"Look in your pocket," said the captain.

The veteran, with a smile which spoke volumes, handed over his discharge papers. They showed he had left the Munster Fusiliers in 1871, and was in his seventieth year.

The would-be soldier was under sixteen years of age, but he put out his chest and boldly told the recruiting officer he was "nineteen an' three months."

The sergeant looked at him not unkindly, and asked :

"My lad, do you know where boys go to who tell lies !"

"Yes, sir," said the aspirant for a khaki tunic. "They go to the Front."

"What do you mean ?" asked the puzzled sergeant.

"Well, I've three pals at the Front what's not seventeen, an' you passed 'em !" was the lad's clinching rejoinder,

WON THE WATCH.

A private in the 2nd Suffolk Regiment recently sent home news of some good fortune which had fallen to him in the following humorous style :

"I've got one of the nicest little gold watches for Annie you ever saw. It came off a Boch prisoner, who, of course, looted it. When Master Boch fell into our hands he handed over the ticker and a mouth-organ in gratitude for not getting a pin-prick with a bayonet underneath his middle waistcoat button. There was a bit of an argument as to who among us should have that watch.

"'Orkins, as we call Hawkins, a Cockney, who has somehow drifted into the good old Suffolks, gave up his claim if we'd let him call the mouth-organ his very own. Agreed nem. con. That left three of us in the ticker stakes.

"'Tell yer wot," said 'Orkins, in his rich old London east, "I ain't wot you'd call top-'ole on a marf-organ, but I'll try my 'and at a tune, an' the chap as guesses wot it is tikes the watch. 'Ow's thet ?"

"We said, 'Bravo, 'Orkins !' and the contest started.

"You never heard such a noise as 'Orkins got out of that instrument. It was something like you'd imagine the noise round about a cat and pig fight to be. When he'd finished, the three of us made a guess. 'Orkins shook his head.

"'None of yer's on the target,' he announced. 'Shall the one wot's nearest tike the prize, or shall I give yer another tune ?'

"'Nearest !' we shouted like one man. 'And don't you ever play that mouth-organ in my hearing again,' added Tripp.

"'Orkins looked hurt as he handed me the watch.

"'You've won, Jimmy,' he said. "You was a long way the nearest. "Beer, beer, glorious beer," wasn't arf a bad guess. I was playin' "As pants the 'art for coolin' streams."'"

SYMPATHETIC LADY: "And did you get your wounds at the Front?"

Infuriated Soldier: "No, ma'am, we slipped on a bit of orange peel!"

ONE day an Irishman approached a sentry who was stationed at a magazine gate with strict orders to admit no one.

Sentry: "Halt!"

Pat: "Faith, an' what am I to halt fur?"

"No one allowed in there."

"But, bejabbers, an' I must go. I've a note fur his 'anner the kurrnel."

"No one allowed to go in there without a pass."

"But I tell ye I must go in. Sure, Mr. Annerson himself sent me."

"Can't help who sent you; you can't go in."

"Well, then, you gimme the gun, an' you take the note, and we'll manage foinely!"—*Weekly Telegraph.*

THE best shot in the regiment was going into the jungle to compass the death of a terrible tiger. The surgeon-major, an enthusiastic curio-collector, buttonholed him.

"Remember, Atkins," said he, "I bespeak the skin at your own price."

"Right-O, sir!" said Atkins.

The surgeon-major was netting butterflies on the outskirts of the jungle that evening, when he saw Atkins running towards him.

"Shot him?" shouted the man of medicine.

"Yes, sir!" breathlessly shouted the flying Nimrod.

"How much for the skin?"

"Five quid, sir."

The doctor handed over the money.

"Where's the skin?" he cried.

"Behind you, sir," came the receding answer.

The doctor looked, and saw the skin, with the tiger in it, coming open-mouthed and bleeding from a scratch where Atkins had "shot" it. The doctor didn't get the tiger's skin, but the tiger nearly got the doctor's.

A SHELL burst! A cloud of thick, acrid smoke, and a shower of steel fragments kicking all ways with furious flame. Many were hit. A man was seen standing like one dazed. Very cautiously he removed his cap and groped in it.

"You're all right, lad?" his captain cried cheerily.

"Yus, sir, I know; but I'd a packet of Woodbines in the linin'—look sir!"

The cap was badly torn; but the man ignored his miraculous escape, and mourned over cigarettes that wouldn't draw because the paper was holed.

AFTER an attack two Highlanders lay flat to escape the awful hail that swept the zone of fire. Dusk came down and Jock whispered hoarsely to his pal:

"Let's make a move, Alick"

"Can't, boy; I've got it in the leg."

"Then get on tae my back an' I'll carry ye in."

"Nae fear, laddie. 'Twould mean a V.C. f'r you, an f'r me another bullet in the back!"

THERE had been a bad shipwreck, and the survivors were all taken up to the great house in the neighbourhood for food and shelter.

The squire's daughter received them very kindly, and presently asked one rough specimen:

"How did you feel when the waves were washing right over you, and you thought each moment might be your last?"

The sailor promptly replied:

"Very wet, miss—very wet!"

I DON'T mind a tale against myself, if it's a good one (writes a soldier from the Gallipoli Peninsula), and I've

got one to tell you. It's somewhat more than hot here, you know, and when we first arrived we felt it. We all rigged up shelters of some description, and one of our chaps managed to build up a regular tool-shed kind of place. Mail was just in, and he'd got a very nice parcel, when one of the officers started asking for him. Three of us strolled over to "Tool-shed Villa" to tell him he was wanted.

"You chaps can make yourselves at home whilst I'm gone," he said.

Well, we did make ourselves at home with a vengeance. When he came back we'd got outside a nice pudding that was in his parcel.

"Heavens!" he said, when he went to the tin. "I'm in for it. I'll be court-martialled for manslaughter. Someone's been taking about four pounds of rat-dope for pudding. It's certain death."

For the next ten minutes the three of us were making free with some packets of salt and mustard he'd had sent him. We drank salt and water, mustard and water, and even pepper and water. I tell you we crawled back to our own shelters feeling very small beer.

Well, we're better now, in a way, but everybody is laughing at us. That pudding, it appears, was good honest pudding. The rat-dope yarn was, well, Rats!—*Weekly Telegraph.*

Geography can be made quite an interesting study for the youthful mind. That is the view of at least one teacher who endeavours to train the child mind on novel lines.

One day she took France as the subject of the lesson, and started off with the question:

"Now, in this terrible war, who is our principal ally?"

"France!" came in a chorus from the eager youngsters.

"Quite right," she beamed. "And now can any of you give me the name of a town in France?"

"Somewhere!" shouted one small boy promptly.—*Answers.*

The German artillery were doing their best to erase a small town from the map. Every few minutes there would be a deafening crash and the remains of a house would soar skywards enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

In a field in the outskirts of the town some Canadian soldiers, relieved from the trenches for a few days, were indulging in their favourite game of "baseball."

The pitcher had just pitched the ball and the batsman had hit an easy catch to one of the fielders, when a huge shell landed in the adjoining field. The fielder's attention was fixed on the shell, which burst with a deafening crash, and he missed the catch.

"For the love of Mike," roared the pitcher, who was a typical Irish-Canadian, "if you are going to play baseball play baseball, and quit watching the shells."

It is English to be self-depreciatory. This extends to English humour. Therefore read this true story with understanding:

New-comer to first-line trench: "Alf, where are these bloomin' Germans?"

Alf: "Over there, about 200 yards away."

New-comer: "And 'ow far do you think we've come from the back trenches?"

Alf: "About eight hundred yards."

New-comer (with relief): "Now you're talkin'. There's no German livin' can give me two hundred in a thousand!"

Fair Visitor (to soldier wounded in his right arm): "But how lucky for you that you can write with your left hand."

Jock: "Ay, miss, I've ma faither tae thank. When I was a wee lad, he says, 'Noo, Jock, you jist learn

tae cut yer finger-nails wi' yer left hand, an' then it disna' matter sae much if ye lose yer richt ane."—*Punch.*

Of all the bugle calls which alternately cheer and depress the boyish spirit of a soldier, "Cookhouse" is the most welcomed and "Reveille" the most hated. The former has perhaps one rival—a call only too rare, but heard sometimes on a wet day: "There's no parade to-day," but no call rivals "Reveille" in unpopularity.

The general feeling of one battalion on the subject was most accurately and forcibly expressed the other morning. Many of the men had returned from week-end leave and had not got to bed till after midnight. At 5.30 a.m. came the call—unmercifully loud and harshy and blown by a particularly spiteful young bugler, himself just out of bed.

Before the last note was reached, an exasperated voice bellowed out over the barrack square:

"Go away, lad, go away! You're disturbing the whole battalion!"—*Weekly Telegraph.*

At a certain military hospital a dear old lady had spent much time visiting the wounded. The Tommies objected to her fussing round, and none of the staff had the heart to enlighten her.

"I did not know you took Russian soldiers as well as British," she exclaimed to the secretary one day.

"Russian," replied the official. "We don't; surely you have made a mistake!"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "There's at least one Russian here, for when I was going round, asking them their names and about their wounds, this one replied: 'Obuzzoff.'"

The praise which is being bestowed from all quarters on the enthusiasm of the new recruits to our Army recalls a good story related by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the popular author, in his book, "The Experiences of a Recruiting Officer."

"'What I want to know,' said the young fellow in the cloth cap and tweed suit, 'is, why, when they wanted to relieve Antwerp, they didn't send us?'"

"'Who is us?' I queried.

"'Why, the R.F.A., of course!' he said proudly. 'We'd have saved Antwerp, and given the Germans what for in no time.'

"'Oh,' I said, 'then you are in the Service? I am glad, and I am sorry, as I had hoped to enlist you. And how long have you been in the Royal Field Artillery?'

"The face of the Ought-to-have-been-allowed-to-save-Antwerp gunner fell, but I liked him, for—his pardonable, boyish swank notwithstanding—he was no liar.

"'Seven days,' he said."

Private Doherty was six feet four inches in his socks. Beside him the sergeant on duty was a bantam.

"Head up there, Doherty!" he cried.

Doherty raised his head.

"Up higher!" shouted the little sergeant. "There, that's better. Don't let me see you with your head down again."

"Am I to be always like this?" asked Doherty, staring away above the little man's head.

"You are!"

"Then I'll say good-bye to ye, sergeant, for I'll never see yez again."

One of the most popular officers in the Army is General Sir Herbert Plumer, who was recently decorated by President Poincaré with the Legion of Honour.

The General is a great friend of "Tommy," and his collection of funny military stories is a big one.

A favourite anecdote of his con-

cerns a wounded soldier in the South African War. After dressing the man's wounds, a surgeon gave him a much-battered sixpence which had been driven by the bullet through the soldier's pocket into the wound, from whence it had been extracted by the doctor.

"Hi!" exclaimed the wounded "Tommy" indignantly. "I know all your R.A.M.C. tricks. Give me the other nine and a tanner. I lost half a quid."

THE following copy of a notice posted in the dug-out he formerly occupied "somewhere in France" has been received by a wounded soldier now in a Welsh hospital:

In one of the Choicest Localities in Northern France.

TO BE LET.

Three minutes from German trenches.

This attractive and well-built dug-out, containing one reeeption-kitchen-bedroom and up-to-date funk hole, four feet by three feet. All modern inconveniences, including gas and water. This desirable residence stands one foot above water-level, commanding an excellent view of the enemy's trenches. Excellent shooting (snipe and duck). Particulars of the late tenant, Base Hospital.—*Westminster Gazette.*

THEY were about the roughest, rawest lot of recruits the sergeant had ever had to tackle.

He had worked hard at them for three hours and at last thought they were getitng into some kind of shape, so he decided to test them.

"Right turn!" he barked. Then before they had ceased to move came another order, "Left turn!"

One yokel slowly left the ranks and made off towards the barrack room.

"Here, you!" yelled the sergeant angrily, "where are you off to?"

"Ah've had enough," replied the recruit, in disgusted tones. "Tha doesn't know tha own mind for two minutes runnin'!"

SOME wounded soldiers were waiting to go before the Invaliding Board, with a view to getting sick leave. Among them was a private who had lost his leg, and when his name was called he hobbled into the room.

"What's the matter with you, my man?" asked the presiding officer, speaking from force of habit.

The soldier was surprised, but, with a straight face, he looked himself up and down, and then remarked quietly:

"A'm no shair, sur; but A thenk it's ma hearin' that's bad!"

"BILL, that's a noice paipe ye'r smookin'. Wheer did ta get it?"

Bill drained his glass ere he ventured a reply.

"Well, yo' chaps," he said, "yo've all heard o' them German Oolans. Well, one o' them Oolans tried to tak' me prisoner, so aw inherited this pipe frae him!"

"WHAT a small part Tirpitz plays after all in this war drama," said the sleek actor-manager to the stout comedian.

"Dunno s'much about that," said the comedy merchant, "the piece is a tragedy, and His Nibs supplies the comic relief."

JUST as darkness fell the brave ship shivered from bow to stern as the Huns' torpedo struck her full amidships. With such an enormous list it was evident that she would not remain long afloat.

The boats were lowered and without any sign of panic the passengers and crew took their places. The skipper on the bridge meanwhile ordered a box of rockets and flares to be brought to him and began to ignite a number of them in order to attract the attention of any ships in the vicinity.

Suddenly a tall, thin, and austere passenger made his way to the top of the stairs leading to the bridge.

"What are you doing here?" cried the captain angrily. "Your place is in the boats, and unless you go immediately they will not wait for you!"

"I have come, captain," said the passenger solemnly, "to protest against this unseemly and foolhardy conduct on your part. We are now facing death! Is this the time to rejoice? Is this the occasion to ignite fireworks?"

EXTREMELY tactful was the beautiful lady who, when an officer told her he was guarding Hun prisoners, said, with much emphasis—

"I do so hope that the Zeppelins will drop bombs on your camp."—*Town Topics.*

THE Tommy on leave had perhaps negotiated a glass and a half more than he could conveniently carry; but the anaemic-looking barman was unnecessarily terse.

"I refuse to serve," he said, superciliously.

"Yes, I bet you do, and you look it," shouted the Tommy, "and it's a nice thing that those who refuse to serve should refuse to serve those who haven't refused to serve, and—"

But a chum pointed out that it was no use starting a tongue-twisting competition; and the Tommy departed, feeling that he had scored off the "refuser."—*Sporting Times.*

FROM the office of the High Commissioner of Australia comes an account of how "Anzac Jacka"—Lance-Corporal Albert Jacka, of Bendigo, Victoria—won his V.C. in Gallipoli.

Jumping into a traverse of a trench half taken by the Turks, he kept them at bay till an officer came along the communication trench with a platoon, three men of which were from Bendigo. These three volunteered to charge and "back Jacka up." One was hit and blocked the trench.

Then the officer told Jacka he would hold the communication trench exit and give the Turks the impression he was going to charge again. Jacka made his way round to the rear of the Turks.

The party in front of the Turks heard shots and charged, but when they reached the trench only four Turks came crawling over the parapet. These were shot, and Jacka was found in the trench with an unlighted cigarette in his mouth and with a flushed face.

"Well, I managed to get the beggars, sir," he said.

In front of him was a trench literally blocked with Turks. He had shot five, and had just finished bayoneting the remaining two.—*Evening News.*

A LETTER addressed to a gallant officer, with "Poona Horse" writ large beneath his name and a London address, was returned through the Post Office with "No public house of this name known" as the reason of the return.

BANDSMAN S. RILEY, of Stockton, and now a stretcher-bearer in the 3rd Rifle Brigade, has the gift of humour. His "eye-witness" report of a football match played "somewhere in France" recently, between bearers and signallers in his regiment, has been sent to the *Daily Express*, and a summarised description of Riley's account is—

"The ball was supplied by Belgian refugees and the ground borrowed from the Germans. Refreshments were obtained from a neighbouring stream.

"Pretty footwork enabled the Sigs' forwards to show their abilities, but they were pushed back by the smell of iodine. Nothing daunted, Punch Weeks, whipping his respirator on, dashed forward and sent in a

rasping shot, causing Mabbs to make out his will. Mabbs cleared, however, with a terrific kick, the ball striking a passing aeroplane.

"After some smart work on both sides the game was again stopped by one of the cooks pinching the Sigs' crossbar for firewood. When it was recovered, Riley broke away and opened the scoring with a neat goal, which Croft knew nothing about until his attention was called to it. Half-time arrived with the Stretcher Bearers leading 1—0.

"During the interval trick cycling was performed by the signallers Rolfe and Parr, which unfortunately ended in a nasty accident, Rolfe volplaning into a refuse pit.

"Early in the second half Gardiner, being outpaced by Riley, borrowed a bicycle and raced off in pursuit. It resulted in him being sent off by the referee (Biscoe), who had a stern hand on the game. Despite being a man short, Waters cleverly headed past Mabbs and equalised. Brilliant forward work was seen on both sides, but no further scoring took place.

"The replay is fixed to take place on the new ground at Potsdam at an early date. Admission free.

"The game was admirably conducted by the referee, who was afterwards presented with a loaded rifle."

Teams. — Stretcher Bearers: Mabbs; Beattie, Fenner; MacDonald, Cocker, Eade; Hum, Cockerill, Riley, Lowe, Rendall.

Signallers: Croft; Bungers, Raven; Thurlow, Gardiner, Lange; Andrews, Cooper, Harrison, Weeks, Waters.

SMALL WAR ECONOMIES.

GENTLEMEN'S old clothes may be made as good as new by the simple method of soaking the suits in petrol tanks. The petrol may, after leaving the bath, be wrung out of the clothes and used in the motor. This plan has an incidental advantage. It renders the clothes sudden death to moths.

Turnips thoroughly boiled with sugar beet provide an excellent and inexpensive substitute for jam. Very small children will often mistake this preserve for real jam and ask for more.

Patriotic ladies in Society are now using for their "undies" the paper patterns presented to their subscribers by the editors of *The Home Chit* and *Lyra's Journal*. Should the material become crushed or torn in the hurry of business or pleasure, it can be thrown away, and the washing-bill thus saved may be sent to any deserving War Fund.

The question of motor is a question of "can you a Ford?"—*Town Topics*.

A CERTAIN young officer of one of the flying services—I won't say which—is having his leg pulled over the way in which he flew the Channel recently. He had orders to fly to France from a certain place in the South, so he followed the coast to the East, looking for the corner where the direction changed, and indicated that he was at the Straits of Dover. Somehow he missed the corner and went on along the coast. His compass showed him that he was going North, but being skipper of the ship, he told the compass it was wrong, and went ahead till he did come to a corner. There he struck out across the sea, and after the regulation 20 minutes or so found himself over land again. Flying on, he came to some tents, and when he had spotted a good field near them he landed in it to ask his way. A lot of peasants arrived and surrounded the machine. He opened on them with his best French, and they replied in some incomprehensible tongue which he took to be Flemish. Presently a palpably British sergeant and a couple of men with fixed bayonets came up. As soon as they were within earshot, the officer said—

"I say, sergeant, can you tell me the way to our headquarters? I can't make these fellows understand French!"

"French!" yelled the sergeant, "I should bloomin' well think not! Why, you're about four miles from X——" (mentioning a town in the Eastern Counties), "and these folks thought you was a German and sent to fetch us. Lucky you didn't try to get away, or they'd 'ave 'it you on the 'ead with a 'oe."

What had really happened was that the officer had bravely flown the Thames at its mouth.

THE Emperor Napoleon was reviewing a body of infantry, when his eye was caught by a drummer with only one arm, but who was, nevertheless, still playing.

"Where is your left arm?" said he.

"At Solferino, sire."

"You shall have a pension of four hundred francs from my private purse."

"And if I should leave the other on the same road, sire?"

"This," replied Napoleon, pointing to his own rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honour.

"The cross!" exclaimed the soldier; and carried away by a transport of enthusiasm, the new Porsenna, with the remaining arm, drew his sabre, and at one vigorous blow cut it clean off! The question here is, *how* he did it!

MARK SHERIDAN tells these stories—

A detachment, covered with mud and weary with their three days under fire in the first-line trenches, were about to be relieved. The relief party came marching along gaily, singing, "Here we are, here we are, here we are again!" and had got to the "Let 'em all come" when one of the weary ones cried, "Are you downhearted?"

At once there came a yell of "No!" from the relief party. With grim humour the trench-tired soldier replied—

"Then you —— soon will be!"

I have good reason for believing that the following story is also true:—

He was a handsomo gentleman ranker in a certain swagger corps, and he was doing duty as hospital orderly. The nurse was very pretty but very practical, so in a few minutes she walked up to him and said firmly—

"Your business is not to get off with me, but to get on with that washing up!"

Nothing could illustrate more thoroughly our brave soldiers' wonderfully keen sense of humour than the following incident:—

Some men of a certain regiment had captured one German prisoner. As they had arranged to have a little trench sing-song they good-naturedly kept the captive with them instead of marching him straight to the base. After several of the boys had sung and another had obliged with a mouth-organ solo, the corporal stood up and announced—

"Now, mates, our friend Fritz 'ere will oblige us with the ''Ymn of 'Ate!'"—*Answers.*

TIME, 5.30 a.m. Commanding Officer's parade. Men all lined up.

Smith—old policeman—had been down town all night on a heavy "jag," and had arrived at camp at 5 a.m., got into uniform, with an effort, and was standing very solemnly at attention.

Enter C.O. and Adjutant, and pass down the line, inspecting.

C.O. happens to stop opposite Smith and catches his breath. Turns very solemnly to Adjutant, and says:

"I'll take a little soda with that, Captain Brown!"—*Town Topics.*

MY regiment was in a sector of the trenches lately which was being

rather annoyed by continual "strafing" by a German Minenwerfer. We rang up the battery behind us, and asked them to retaliate on to where we thought the Minenwerfer was. The battery replied by putting three shells into them, which were all, however, blind. Whereat the Huns immediately roused up and "strafed" us again. The local poet immediately voiced the general disgust by chanting to the tune of "Three Blind Mice"—

Three blind shells,
Three blind shells,
See what they do,
See what they do,
They may fall true, but they don't appall
The Bosche, who grins and returns our call,
So what the hell is the use at all
Of three blind shells!

Needless to say, this does not often happen with our gunners, who are always ready to help us, and generally succeed in putting it across them.

"Speakin' as a soldier," said Private Smith, "I can't say enough for the way civilians have behaved to us since the war started. It's grand. They've given us everything, an' even the high-spirited newspapers have not been backward. Look at the latest idea for supplyin' pleasant an' light readin' in the trenches!

"There's a grand scheme! The man that planned that knew somethin' about soldiers—somethin'—but not much.

"They are printed in broadsheet form an' can be used at a pinch as table-cloths, eiderdown quilts or newspapers. The first lot is now on sale, an' orders will be dealt with in rotation.

"The first sheet is full of light an' entertainin' readin'. The contents are—

"1.—Zenephone's farewell to Socrates before crossin' the Rubicon.

"2.—Extract from Lord Chesterton's advice to his son on creasin' his trousers an' avoidin' handsome cabs.

"3.—Extracts from the British Museum catalogue describin' the Elgin Avenue marbles.

"4.—Heine's lovely poem, 'Thou downy bird with the hungry eyes.'

"5.—One of Dr. Watts's celebrated sermons.

"6.—'My Visit in Switzerland,' by a well-known curate.

"7.—'Should Greek be Taught in Bulgarian Schools?' by a Professor of Mathematics.

"That's only the first sheet, an' others, equally entertainin', will foller. The troops at the front are waitin' anxiously, even painfully, for the first arrival.

"'Will they never come?' they keep askin'.

"When the enemy's shells are fallin' twenty to the second you will see our brave fellers sittin' on the parapet forgettin' their danger, absorbed, if I might employ the word, in the adventures of Don Quickset when he saw the wings of the windmill go round an' learnt the secret of perpetual gravitation.

"An' what excitement there'll be when the new numbers come out! "Goin' back to billets will have a new pleasure for chaps, especially if the Broadsheeters run a serial.

"'I'm quite anxious to get the next broadsheet,' sez one chap; 'the last one left off in an excitin' part, just where the bacteria of Trypanosomisis was bein' incubated in the proboscis of the glossina morsitans.'

"'That was fine,' sez another feller, 'but the bit I liked was that grand bit of history of Welsh literature. The only disappointment I had,' he sez, 'is that there's nothin' about Lloyd George in it.'"—*Town Topics.*

Mr. Francis Gribble, writing in the *Fortnightly*, tells an amusing story of a roll-call of prisoners in the camp at Ruhleben. To facilitate the arrangement, the prisoners were

sorted alphabetically. But when the names of all the G's had been called there was an incident. Each man, as his name was called, was transferred to a fresh formation; but at last there remained a solitary gentleman of colour, gaping and grinning genially. Mr. Beaumont, acting on behalf of the military authority, turned and questioned him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Waitin' to be counted, sah," replied the gentleman of colour.

"What's your name?"

"My name is Martin, sah."

"Well, Martin does not begin with G, does it?"

"I don't know, sah. I've only learnt as far as F, sah!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

First Officer: "What was the joke about Lieutenant Footle?"

Second Officer: "Why, the major's wife said she'd be glad of his company at her house on Wednesday, and the silly ass took all his men along."

A German soldier shouted one day in good English from a front-line trench—

"Hi, anybody from Liverpool opposite dere?"

"I'm from Liverpool." an English soldier, after a moment's hesitation, shouted back.

"Goot old Liverpool!" roared the German. "Gif her my regards. I used to live dere. I got two wives and seven children in Liverpool."

The Liverpool soldier replied—

"Well, stick yer head up, old cock, and I'll change 'em into two widows and seven orphans."

THEY ARE STILL FRIENDS.

Australians are immensely gratified that one of their most popular countrymen, Sir George Reid, has obtained a seat in the "Mother of Parliaments,"

As most people know, Sir George is a man of very generous proportions, and he does not in the least mind joking about the fact.

Not long since, at a dinner to wounded soldiers, he told the following against himself—

"I met Sir Ian Hamilton in one of the clubs," he said, "and told him I wanted to go to the front. I told him I wasn't much of a walker, that when I went shooting I nearly shot myself, and that when I got on a horse I didn't know whether I should get off when I wanted to or not! But I said: 'Why can't you let me go to the front as an armoured fort?'

"Sir Ian looked me up and down and said—

"'Well, Sir George, I don't think we could send you to the front as an armoured fort, but I think we might make a *base* of you!'"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

MISSED HIS CHANCE.

Great was the excitement in the married quarters of a certain regiment. Corporal Jones' wife had presented him with a son and heir, and all his pals came round to tender their good wishes, and incidentally to taste Jones' beer.

As Sergeant Brown was leaving the house, he met Private Smith hurrying along.

"Where are you off to?" he asked.

"Oh, just off to see Jones, and wish him and the youngster luck!" was Smith's reply.

"Then you're too late!" was the sergeant's solemn comment.

"Wot!" gasped Smith. "Surely there ain't nothin' 'appened to the little 'un?"

"Worse than that!" was the grim reply, although the sergeant's eyes twinkled. "The kid's all right, but the barrel's empty!"—*Answers.*

In the tap room of the Crown and Anchor, the returned warrior was

telling some wonderful stories of the fierce fighting round the Yser.

"You see that?" he exclaimed with dramatic suddenness, drawing attention to a half-healed scar about two inches long over his left eyebrow.

His audience shivered, in anticipation of a new and thrilling adventure.

"'Twasn't shrapnel, nor yet a 'coal-box' as did that," he said slowly, after getting rid of his beer in a hurry. "I went through the retreat from Mons, fought at Wipers, chased the Boches out of Festerbert, and all without receiving a scratch. But the very first day I was home on leave I had a scrap with the missus. Suddenly assuming a violent offensive, she seized the commissariat —I mean, before I knew wot she was up to, she drank my bloomin' beer and hit me over the head with the tankard!"—*Answers.*

THE following amusing incident occurred during a "kit inspection" held recently by the commanding officer of a certain infantry regiment.

He was also inspecting the "small books" with which every soldier is served out on joining the Service, and which contain particulars regarding the man's age, place of birth, and enlistment, etc., etc.

During his tour of inspection he discovered that a certain recruit's relatives were omitted to have been entered up, and turning to him, said—

"Where's your next of kin?"

The recruit, undoubtedly embarrassed at being addressed by such an exalted personage, after a fruitless search amongst his numerous other articles of kit, replied—

"Er—I don't think I was served out with any, sir."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

TOO COMMON.

THE local V.C. hero was coming home on leave, and a public demonstration was inaugurated in his favour. The village wore quite a gala aspect, and everybody sported bunting of some kind. Old Mrs. Murphy outshone everyone in this direction. Her windows and door were a mass of colour. But what struck the neighbours as peculiar in the display was the apparent want of loyalty on the part of the lady. She had French emblems, Dutch emblems, Russian colours and Japanese flags, Chinese designs and American Stars and Stripes, but never a Union Jack.

The vicar congratulated her on the display, and then gently pointed out the deficiency.

"Union Jack, sir, Union Jack? Which is them?"

The vicar pointed to one.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Murphy, with utter disappointment, "them coloured crosses, you mean? I didn't buy one of them because they are too common. Just look up the street, now, everybody 'as 'em!"—*Weekly Telegraph.*

HERE is a true story from Paris. A batch of conscripts were to be examined by the army doctor. The latter, after seeing that everything was ready in the room, called out to the soldier attendant—

"Send in the first man."

The attendant shouted, "Adam!" And in walked a nude man whose name it was, and who happened to be the first on the list.—*Tit-Bits.*

V.C.'S LUCKY NUMBER.

A CERTAIN distinguished young officer in the British Army has found the number 9 bound up with his life and fortunes in a curious way. He was born in 1890, won the V.C. on August 9th last, and the Military Cross on September 9th, got dysentery on October 9th, reached home on November 9th, appeared in the *Gazette* as major on December 9th, and is to report at the War Office on February 9th next. He said, with a boyish laugh, to a newspaper representative the other day—

"Nine seems to be my number, doesn't it! If ever I go to Monte Carlo when peace comes, I shall plunge on nine for all I am worth, or perhaps *chemin de fer* would be my game. I ought to get a 'natural' every time at this rate."

He is, at twenty-five, probably the youngest major on record.—*Tit-Bits.*

RECENTLY in one of the many sections of our West Front, where the enemy's trenches are very near our own, the Boches stuck up a board on which they had chalked—

GOTT MITT UNS.

There was no linguist on our side, but the enemy immediately got a written retort which must have puzzled them a good deal. It was—

WE'VE GOT MITTENS, TOO.

—*Tit-Bits.*

WILLIS: "Here's an account of the bombardment of the Belgian coast. It says the ships' guns roared continuously and the Germans made only a feeble effort in response. Can you imagine it?"

Gillis: "Yes; it must be something like a conversation between my wife and me."

THE sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said—

"I see that by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."

AT HIS OLD JOB.

HOYLE: "My dentist was a German reservist. He is now fighting for the Fatherland."

Doyle: "Administering gas, I presume?"

JOLLY JACK (approaching oyster stall): "I'll have a pound of those oysters, ma'am. They look all right."

Old Lady in charge of stall: "We sell them by measure, sir, not weight."

Jolly Jack: "Righto, then, give us a yard!"—*Weekly Telegraph.*

TOMMY'S FRENCH DICTIONARY.

HE has none
We have none.
They have none.
I have none.
You have none.
There are none.
Finish.
No good.
No———good.
She has none.
There are no more.
There never were any.
She doesn't.
I am no more.
} Na poo.

—*The Minden Magazine.*

BRITISH War Notice: "We close at Won."—*London Opinion.*

THE best thing about the mule comes from a harassed transport officer—one of the Gallipoli gallopers.

"The mule," he pronounced wearily, "has just enough sense to be ashamed of his ancestry and pessimistic about his posterity."—*Town Topics.*

ANZAC LIEUTENANT: "The Turks are as thick as peas! What shall wo do?"

Anzac Captain: "Shell them, you idiot, shell them!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

(*Joffre continues his nibblings in the Champagne District.*)

Now the Hun is on the move,
Victory is drawing near;
So the Champagne yet may prove
Just a sort of German bier!

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

AMONG the society women who are frightfully keen to do their bit of nursing, there are just a few who

really haven't "an earthly" at the job. Some of them have been appointed orderlies in military hospitals, but they find that their ignorance of the menial duties of domestic life militates against their success. One of them the other day, engaged in cutting bread, used a knife tainted with paraffin, with the result that the slices smelt like the offspring of an oil-lamp. The following day the same heroine was told to scrub a table with soda. She ingeniously commandeered a syphon of soda-water and proceeded to squirt it over the furniture. Thereupon she was informed that she had really better return to her home and comfort the lap-dog, which must be breaking its heart over her absence!—*London Opinion.*

THE passengers in the railway carriage were discussing the Compulsion Bill.

"All I can say," broke in the khaki-clad young man in the corner seat, "is that every man should know where his duty lies. For my part, mine is to back up the C.O."

"Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that," purred the meek-looking gentleman in the other corner, "and I'm sure you're sorry you ever lifted your hand against your fellow-men."

"I didn't say that," returned the soldier. "I said I'd back up the C.O.—the Commanding Officer."

"Oh!" bleated the meek one, as he subsided beneath his spectacles, "I thought you meant the Conscientious Objector."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

A HANDSOME American-born actor, who most good-naturedly has recited for our troops in many camps, tells of a strange happening when he went to a camp for interned Germans, "somewhere in England" to speak a piece for the Military Guard there. He was outside the barbed wire fence on his way to the hall where the concert was in progress; the German prisoners were taking exercise inside the wire. Of a sudden from amongst the Germans came the sound of a voice asking in excellent English, "Where's your armlet?"—*Town Topics.*

"WHAT the devil are you firing at, my man?" wrathfully exclaimed the musketry instructor, who was standing near a freshly-tarred gate some distance from the target.

"I'm firing at the gate, your honour," was the reply.

"What gate, you fool," said the musketry instructor, who had been nearly hit on one or two occasions during Pat's practising.

"The tar-gate, your honour," replied Pat, with charming simplicity. —*Weekly Telegraph.*

A KITCHENER STORY.

AN amusing story is being told about Lord Kitchener. It concerns a famous poster issued some time ago, with an appeal in his handwriting for more men and yet more men.

He had of course to write the original appeal from which the facsimile on the poster was made, and he did so, and it went to the Department concerned with such things. His writing (so the story runs) was found to be too small for poster size reproduction, so the sheet was sent back to him with the request that he would re-write it.

He did, but again it was too small, and he wrote it a third time, and with that third draft sent that grimly humorous message—

"Don't ask me to write this again, for rather than do it we'll have conscription!"—*Weekly Telegraph.*

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